

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,047

DECEMBER 21, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

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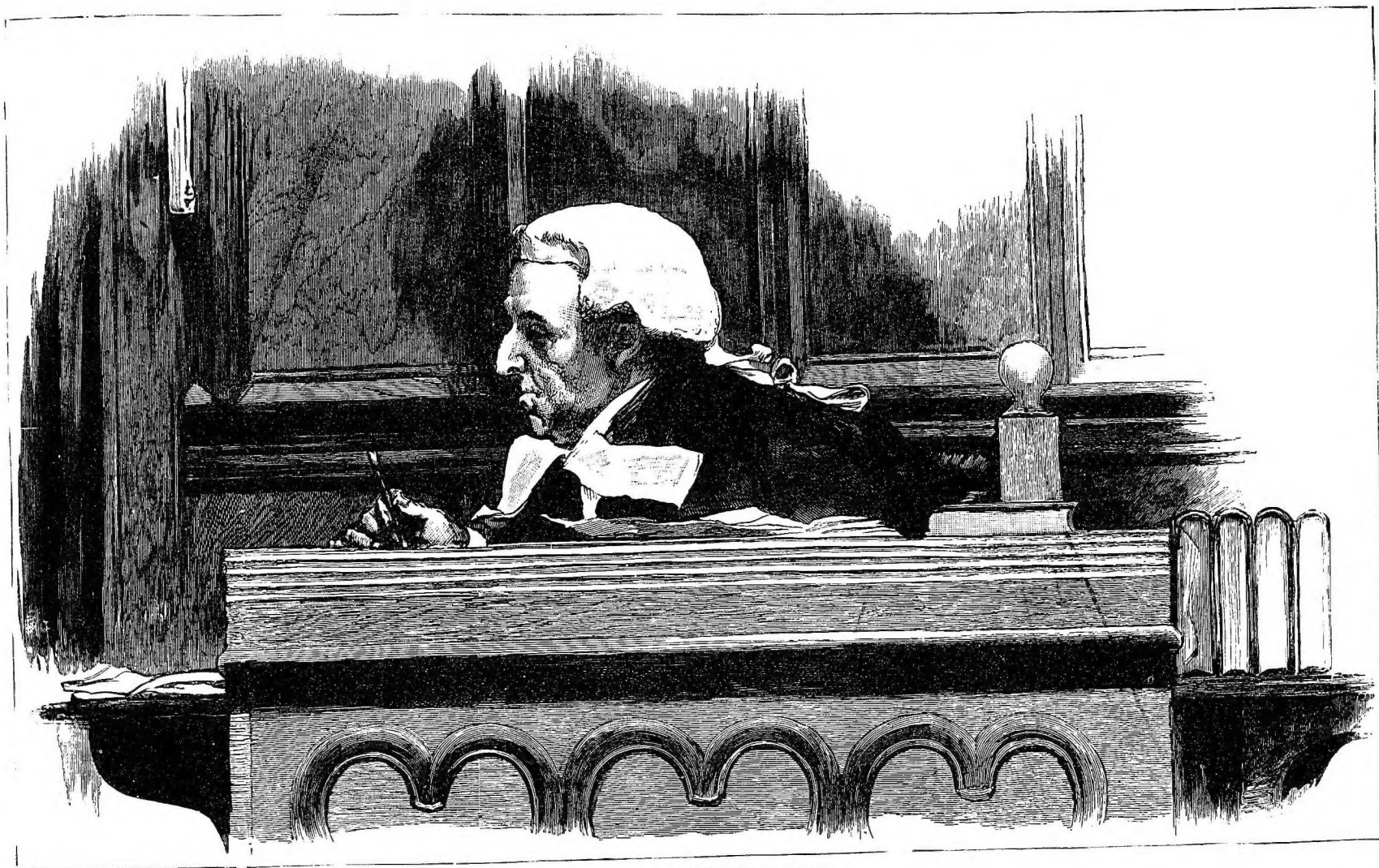
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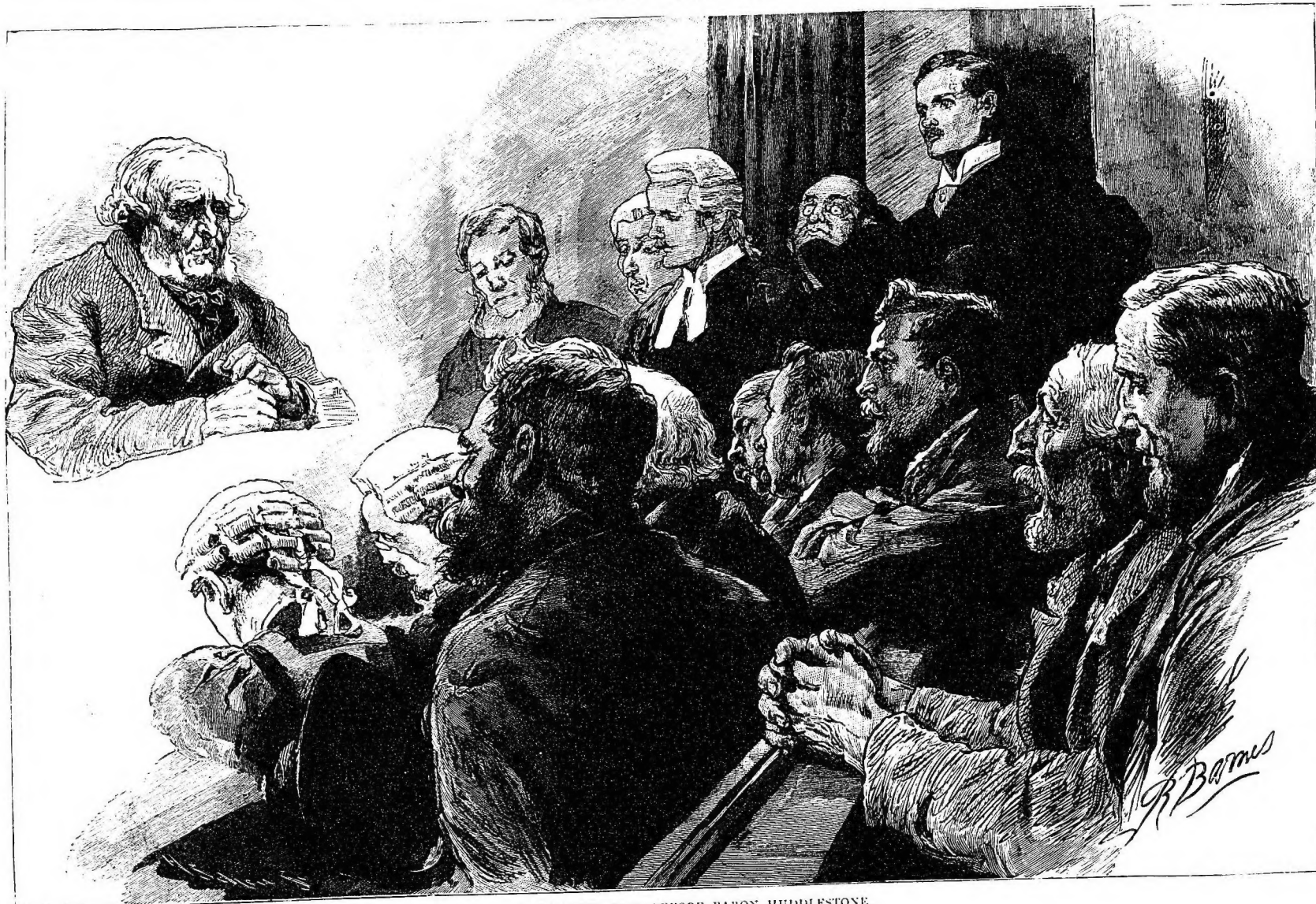
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889

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MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS SUMS UP



A COMPENSATION CASE BEFORE BARON HUDDLESTONE
"Plaintiff's horses stray on to the line and are killed"

SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL AT NOTTINGHAM.—In the several speeches which he delivered on Tuesday Mr. Parnell was decidedly more worth listening to than most of his English Separatist allies, because, whatever his inward aspirations may be, he put forth a distinct programme for the benefit of the electorate of Great Britain. This is just what Sir William Harcourt with his jovial bluster, and Mr. Gladstone with his Sphinx-like and ambiguous utterances, have conspicuously failed to do, ever since the rejection of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. Mr. Parnell, it is true, does not condescend to particulars, he is silent on the troublesome problem as to whether the Irish members should be present or absent in the Parliament at Westminster; but, speaking in the name of the majority of the Irish people, he plainly asserts that a Home Rule measure, based on the lines of the Bill of 1886 (which he contrasts favourably with the settlement of 1782) would be acceptable to the mass of his countrymen. Of course he ridicules the idea that the concession of local independence would imperil the security of the Loyalist minority. In this matter, however, we are compelled to contrast his fair words with the violent and bloody deeds which are still perpetrated in Ireland. If these deeds have been lessened of late years, the diminution has been due far more to the provisions of the Crimes Act than to any access of tolerance and humanity. This is a point on which the electors of Great Britain cannot ponder too earnestly, for in it is contained, as we have always maintained, the sole serious objection to Home Rule. It is not necessary to suppose that, immediately on the granting of Home Rule, the horrors of 1641 and 1798 would be reproduced; but it is not unreasonable to anticipate that both the landlords and the Loyalist minority would find their legitimate liberties abridged, and a condition growing gradually more and more intolerable imposed on them. In this matter we have no safe precedent to guide us, for in the United States and the British Colonies the Irish, numerous though they be, are kept in check by a majority which, above all things, prizes impartial laws and individual freedom. With some of Mr. Parnell's criticisms we heartily agree. Parliamentary representation combined with a tincture of despotism is a decided anomaly, and also a mischievous anomaly. And we also admit that not only this Government, but all previous Governments, have rarely adopted remedial measures until the grace of the concession has been lost. But when Mr. Parnell boasts of the wonderful things Irish capital and Irish enterprise will accomplish as soon as Home Rule is achieved, we venture to retort: "Why not begin at once?" Such an Irish conspiracy as this would gladden all our hearts, and certainly the Crimes Act would not hinder its adoption.

PORTUGUESE AGGRESSION.—For two centuries England and Portugal have been fast friends, and, in a commercial sense, both have profited by this good understanding. Unfortunately, it seems probable that their mutual relations will be much less intimate in the future than they have been in the past. We may indeed congratulate ourselves if the misunderstandings that have arisen do not lead to a rupture of diplomatic intercourse. No one wishes to judge the Portuguese harshly. We are quite willing to try to put ourselves in their place, and to look at the questions in dispute from their point of view as well as from our own. But it is hard to see what can be said for some of their recent proceedings. Major Serpa Pinto, who has been using his Gatling guns with so much vigour among the Makololo, may perhaps have gone beyond his instructions. On that point fuller information will soon be received, and in the meantime it is not necessary that a final opinion about it should be formed. On what conceivable ground, however, can Portugal advance any claim whatever to the territory in which the valiant Major has been disporting himself? The people of the Shiré highlands and the Makololo district have been to some extent brought under the influences of civilisation. With the labours which have led to this result Portugal has had absolutely nothing to do. The work has been achieved wholly by British missionaries and traders. The pretension of the Portuguese that these lands belong to them can hardly, therefore, be said to have even the shadow of a foundation. As for their claim to a zone of territory stretching from Eastern to Western Africa, it is difficult to believe that it can be put forward seriously. They have done nothing to prove that this vast stretch of country is in any sense theirs. Their influence in it has been felt chiefly through the encouragement they have directly and indirectly given to the slave trade. To imagine that so foolish a claim will be allowed to stop England in her progress northwards through some of the richest districts of Africa is an extraordinary delusion. Portugal is presuming too far upon the privileges which Great Powers are supposed to accord to small and weak States.

TRADE UNION BLUNDERS.—The chief moral of the utter collapse which has attended the gas-workers' strikes both in London and Manchester is that Trade Union leaders should always carefully estimate their resources before proceeding

to extremities. Not merely the funds they have in hand, or the number of men ready to obey orders—the chief resource of all is, and always will be, public sympathy. The dockers won their victory solely because they enjoyed it in full measure; the gas-workers were doomed to defeat from the first, because the public voice pronounced them hopelessly in the wrong. Take, for instance, the conduct of the police and their controllers on the two occasions, as an illustration of the omnipotence of popular feeling. In the case of the dockers' strike, the companies appealed in vain for police protection; Mr. Matthews and Mr. Monro adhered to a strict non-intervention policy, in the assurance that it was most in accord with the general desire. But the Home Office and Scotland Yard lost little time in garrisoning the gasworks with constables as soon as it became evident that the strikers were frowned upon by the community at large. There is another valuable lesson which Trade Union leaders may learn from this disastrous campaign. They should not rely upon vague promises of outside assistance, whether monetary or otherwise. The Strike Committees counted upon it as a certainty that the coal-porters and coal-whippers would boycott the Company, that no sailors would go on board colliers freighted for its use, and that a regular supply of relief subscriptions would come from the other Trade Unions. In most of these matters their expectations were disappointed, and now they find themselves weighed down with the terrible responsibility of having brought ruin upon thousands by their gross miscalculations. Trade Unionism is such an excellent protector of labour that one can only regret it is not guided by wiser heads.

NATURALISATION IN BRAZIL.—A large proportion of the white inhabitants of the late Empire of Brazil are Portuguese, Italians, and Germans, and the announcement that the Provisional Government will permit all strangers after two years' residence to enrol themselves as Brazilian subjects, if they so desire it, has caused quite a flutter among the Governments of those countries where these strangers had their original domicile. The reason, of course, is that in Portugal, Italy, and Germany the law of compulsory military service exists; but if this Naturalisation Act is carried out, the newly-fledged Brazilian citizens will be able to take a trip to Europe, and snap their fingers in the faces of the conscription officials. It is said that the Monarchies referred to are likely to suspend the issue of passports to intending emigrants to Brazil. We hope they will do nothing so foolish. Let them try rather whether they cannot diminish the blood-tax, which is such a grievous burden to the nations of the Continent, and which at bottom is the cause of all the rumours of impending war with which the world is from time to time disquieted. At any rate, this is the view which the peasantry take, and numbers of those who cross the Atlantic are actuated by a desire not only to better their condition, but to escape from military service.

ROBERT BROWNING.—The Dean of Westminster has won golden opinions by the promptitude with which he offered to find in Westminster Abbey a resting-place for the remains of Robert Browning. In one sense it matters little where the dead are buried, and from a sanitary point of view it is tolerably certain that there are already too many graves in the Abbey. All the same, every admirer of Browning's genius was pleased when it became known that he was to be one of the many illustrious men whose names give to Westminster Abbey so rare and so potent a charm. It is useless to speculate as to the exact place which Browning will hold in the history of English literature. Much of his work will no doubt be neglected by posterity, for, notwithstanding the protests of the most ardent of his disciples, it is true that his style is often harsh and obscure, and these are the qualities that find least favour with generations that have not been trained under a great writer's immediate influence. But, when every possible deduction has been made, enough of noble work will remain to secure for Browning an enduring and lofty place among modern poets. He was undoubtedly one of the deepest thinkers of his age, and, when he was at his best, his thought expressed itself in living forms that appeal powerfully to the imagination and the feelings. For many a day there has been in England and elsewhere a strong current of materialistic opinion. Browning fought incessantly against this tendency, and there is hardly another poet in our language who gives to sympathetic readers a profounder sense of all that is great and most deeply significant in the spiritual nature of man. An influence so strong and so searching we can ill afford to lose; yet those whom he has aided cannot but congratulate themselves that he did not outlive his powers, but was able to work with all his splendid vigour to the end. Nothing he ever did was finer than some of the poems in the volume which was his last gift to the world.

THE CRONIN VERDICT.—It is not too much to say that a general sense of relief was felt by well-wishers of the United States when the news came that the jury had pronounced judgment on the five men accused of complicity in the horrible murder of Dr. Cronin. Up to almost the last moment, it seemed likely that partisan feeling would so far bear down the weight of evidence as to prevent the jury from agreeing in a verdict. That would, of course, have

inflicted a stigma on the administration of justice in the States, and have given further countenance to the idea that the Irish-American organisations are sufficiently powerful to nullify the law. Most satisfactory, therefore, is it to have proof that politics do not dominate justice beyond the Atlantic any more than here. But the main importance of this historic trial is the lurid light thrown by the evidence upon the inner working of the societies which, pretending to the most exalted patriotism, are but instruments to give power and pelf to a few unscrupulous plotters. There is nothing clearer than the fact that Dr. Cronin was sentenced to death by his colleagues because he had detected their wholesale misappropriation of the funds in their charge. He was, that is, a trifle more sincere as a dynamiter than they were. His conception was that the whole funds should be spent on the massacre of innocent English people; theirs, that a large portion should be expended on their own luxurious living and in procuring the assassination of any colleague who thwarted that purpose. Never did the saying "when thieves fall out honest men come by their own" apply more exactly. The rupture has resulted in the death of the boldest bandit, and in the life-long imprisonment of the three conspirators who slew him. There are, no doubt, others still at large whose guilt is almost equal to theirs; the world has yet to discover who were the members of the secret tribunal which ordered the execution of the unhappy doctor. And because that is unknown, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues should be additionally careful as to what political connections the National League forms in the United States. Coughlin, O'Sullivan, and Burke are, it is to be feared, types of a large section of the Irish-American community.

AN INFALLIBLE METHOD OF SWINDLING.—Some years ago an astute Scotchman started near Charing Cross a concern called the "Bank of Deposit." A brief, business-like, and unassuming advertisement appeared daily in the papers, setting forth the advantages of the Bank. It did not offer a suspiciously high rate of interest, though above that proffered by the ordinary banks, but the interest was payable at short intervals, an arrangement which is extremely attractive to depositors of the fair sex. For a long while all went on merrily, interest was paid with rigorous punctuality, and, if Mr. Peter Morrison had been a tolerably prudent man, the concern might have continued in apparent solvency up to the day of his death, because fresh depositors were continually providing funds to meet previous engagements. But unluckily, like others of his tribe, Mr. Morrison indulged either in personal extravagance or hazardous speculations, so one day the Bank of Deposit closed its doors, and there was nothing available for the creditors; the manager, who combined in his own person all the other supposed officials, seeking safety in flight. It would appear that modern professors of the art of extracting money from other people's pockets prefer a bolder and briefer game, for a gentleman who has just received five years' penal servitude at Liverpool drew 1,800*l.* from the hoards of his victims by a method which he advertised as "Pearson's Infallible Accumulative System of Doubling Capital." Mr. Pearson's terms were most liberal, for in exchange for deposits of 20*l.* he guaranteed an income of 1*l.* per week, payable for a twelvemonth, and renewable at the end of that time. No wonder bogus companies flourish when gulls are so plentiful. And we may hint that the promoters of some of these concerns are in reality not a whit better than Mr. Pearson, only that they manage to keep on the right side of the law. Like him, they adopt the Count de Morny's cynical saying, "*Les affaires? l'argent des autres.*"

CHECKMATE IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.—Some dissatisfaction has been caused in St. Petersburg by the official sanction which the Austrian Government has given to the quotation of the Bulgarian Loan on the Vienna Exchange. But as Russia lately encouraged a loan which Serbia tried to raise at Paris, it does not seem that the action of Austria affords much solid ground for a grievance. The two Powers are so situated that each is almost compelled to respond to any important step taken by the other in the Balkan Peninsula. If Russia helps Serbia, Austria has no choice but to do an equivalent service to Bulgaria. Happily, neither Power is at present disposed to play a game that might lead to war. The object of Austria is to prepare the way for the formation of an independent Balkan Confederation; and, so long as Russia does not try to check this movement violently, the Eastern policy of the Austro-Hungarian Government will be pacific. That Russia will some day decide to advance to Constantinople is only too probable; but there are many signs that she does not think the time for this has yet arrived. Personally, the Czar appears to dislike war, and what is at least equally important—he knows that his army in its present state, even if associated with the army of France, would be unable to cope with the forces of the Triple Alliance. If these considerations suffice to secure tranquillity for a while, it is possible that Bulgaria and Serbia may become so prosperous and strong that Russia will be deprived of any valid excuse for interference in their affairs. That would do away with some of the most formidable of the difficulties standing in the way of a settlement of the Eastern Question. Serbia has made



REMBRANDT AS AN OFFICER
PAINTED BY HIMSELF. FROM THE WELLS-KNOWLTON PICTURE AT THE HAGUE

Rembrandt

little real progress lately, but Bulgaria has been, and is, giving most effectual proof of her power to manage her own business. The good example of the Bulgarians, if the maintenance of peace were made certain, would probably soon be followed by the Servians.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Were it not that the famous Blue Coat School is to rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, there would be universal regret at its approaching extinction. For that, and nothing less, is the meaning of the decision just given by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Christ's Hospital, as we know it, will disappear, buildings and all, to give place to five separate schools, three in the country and two in London. The three rural ones will be boarding schools—one for boys, one for girls, and one preparatory—providing accommodation in all for 1,320 pupils. The two London schools will be for day pupils, six hundred boys being educated at one and four hundred girls at the other. At present, the total number for whom Christ's Hospital provides is 1,200, and the new scheme, therefore, spreads the available funds over nearly twice the area of juvenile humanity. That is a great gain, as is also the removal of the boarders to country air. It may be doubtful whether the same praise can be bestowed on the new system of charging school fees, not exceeding 20*l.* a year, to those parents who, in the estimation of the Governing body, can bear the expense. No doubt, numbers of parents who now have boys at Christ's Hospital could well afford to pay for their board and tuition. But it is merely an abuse that children of this class have gained admission to the school; it was not originally intended for them. Perhaps the best feature of the scheme is the setting apart of a substantial portion of the endowment for the education of girls. Their long exclusion from the benefits of the charity was another departure from the original design. We trust that some way will yet be discovered to preserve the noble pile of buildings in Newgate Street, especially the great hall. The ugly and inconvenient costume may be swept away without causing very general regret.

HATTON GARDEN AND ITS DIAMOND MINES.—To the countryman who chances for the first time to perambulate Hatton Garden there is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of that thoroughfare. The houses mostly have a semi-private aspect, and on the western pavement, near the post-office, a sort of informal outdoor Exchange is held throughout the day, the persons forming the conclave being mostly gentlemen of foreign and somewhat Hebraic aspect. Yet the appearance of these merchants and brokers affords a clue to the main industry of Hatton Garden. In this street there is probably more portable wealth heaped up than in any other London thoroughfare, for even in Lombard Street the bulk of the valuables are of a character not readily negotiable. In Hatton Garden, safes and strong boxes filled with gold and precious stones are to be found in nearly every house. Some years ago the professional "conveyancers" of other people's property awoke to the fact that Hatton Garden was a veritable Du Toit's Pan, without the trouble of going to South Africa. Several daring robberies have consequently been committed; but the most daring of all was that of last Tuesday morning. It is plain that in future the Post Office authorities must make exceptional rules for a locality whose letters are wont to be so exceptionally valuable. Either the postmen must invariably work in couples—the simplest plan, and no doubt collective Hatton Garden would cheerfully pay any extra charge—or packages of value should only be deliverable at the Post Office, instead of being carried in the ordinary way from house to house.

IRISH DISTRESSED LADIES.—We hear much about the poverty of Irish peasants, and it is true that in some districts, where the soil is almost barren, there is always a great deal of suffering. But there is in Ireland another class, whose distress, although equally real, excites less general sympathy. This is the class of ladies who, formerly possessing a competence, have been made penniless by the agrarian agitation. Few English people who have not given special attention to the matter realise how many Irish ladies are in this pitiable position. Some of them have been compelled to take refuge in the workhouse; others have been only too glad to accept such employment as they have been able to find. It ought to be widely known that a Fund has been started for the relief of those ladies who are most urgently in need of help. It is administered with the greatest care, and the results, as far as they go, are eminently satisfactory. Lord Waterford, who has issued an appeal on behalf of the Fund, says that about one thousand ladies have been, and are being, aided in various ways to earn their living; that one hundred and forty-two others, who are old and infirm, receive pensions; and that education is being provided for many children. These facts need only to be stated to command approval. Whether the agrarian agitation is justifiable or not, it is impossible not to feel sorry for this particular group of its victims; and they are the more to be pitied because their training and habits cause them to bear their sufferings in silence. No one who contributes to the Fund will ever have reason to regret his or her generosity. Subscriptions or donations may be sent to the Secretary, at 66, South Audley Street, Mayfair, London, where work done by Irish distressed ladies is exhibited for sale.

STREET SUBWAYS.—It is very pleasant to learn that there is, at last, some prospect of every great thoroughfare in London having its own subway for the multitudinous pipes and wires which modern requirements have called into existence. A Bill which will be introduced during next Session proposes to confer power on the London County Council both to construct these burrows, when needed, and to charge rent to the companies using them. That is fair enough: very large expense will be saved to the gas, water, telegraph, and electric light concerns by their being enabled to execute repairs without ripping up the roadway. But the rents will scarcely pay interest charges as well as maintenance expenses; the ratepayers must make up their minds to share the burden to some extent. Happily there is not much chance of serious grumbling on that score. The sweet boons of uninterrupted roads and of side-pavements free from obstructions are well worth paying for. There must be, of course, a certain amount of public inconvenience while the streets are being tunnelled; but Londoners are too accustomed to that sort of nuisance to lose their tempers for such a trifle. It would seem worth thinking about whether crossways might not be made from pavement to pavement, in very congested thoroughfares, to admit of nervous pedestrians accomplishing the passage without mental discomposure. Even those who are not nervous would be glad, when the surface is deluged with liquid mud, to escape the spattering sure to fall upon them above ground. But it is wrong to be covetous, especially when an unexpected gift of great value is half-promised. We accept the subways thankfully; even the intention is something to be grateful for.

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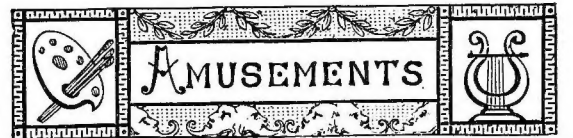
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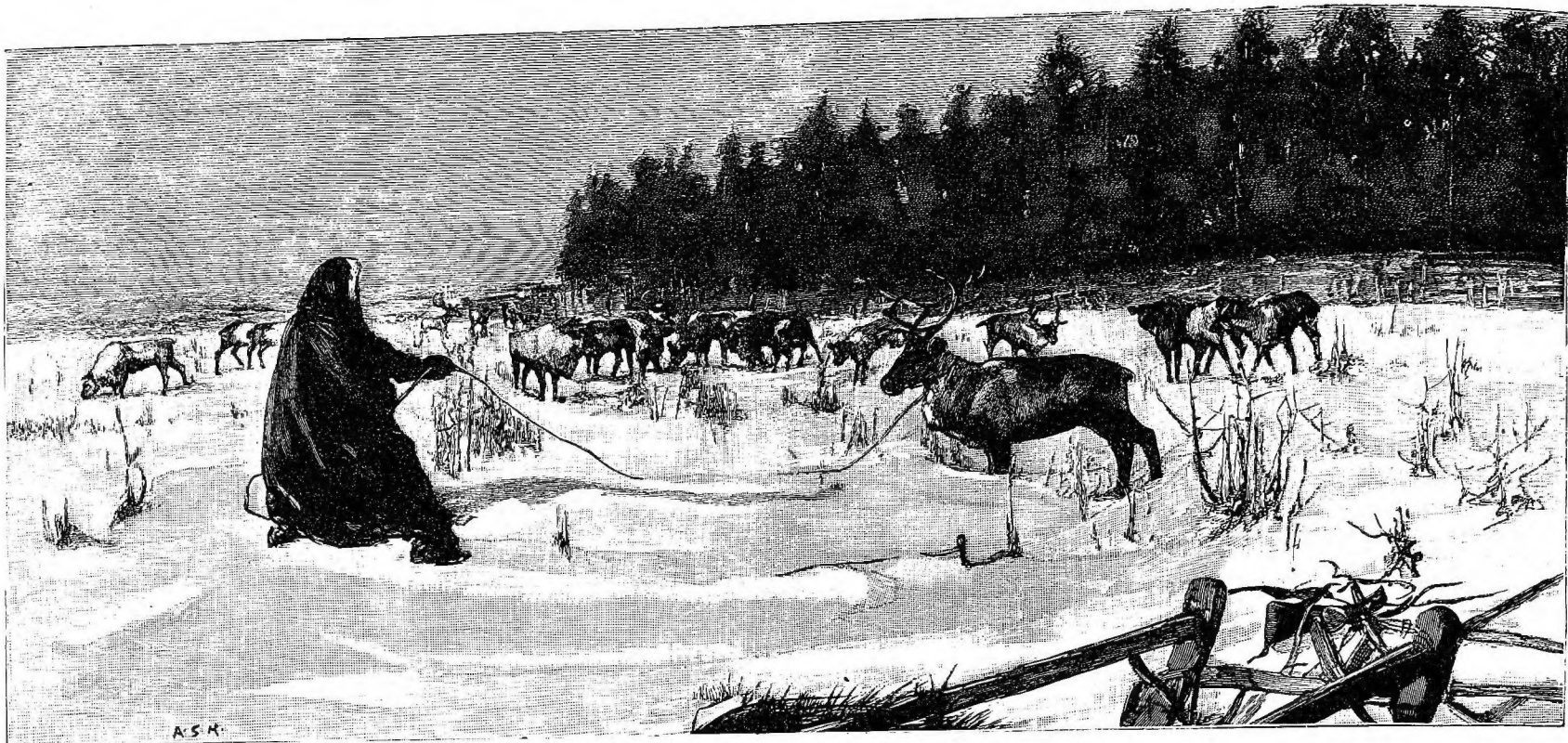
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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
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And after Boxing Day will be continued throughout the Christmas and New Year's Holidays.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 3;
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EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.
Tickets for all parts of the Hall and Reserved Seats can now be secured at Basil Tree's Office, St. James's Hall. For the convenience of persons residing at a distance from London, Tickets and Reserved Seats can now be secured by Post if a Postal Order for the amount of tickets required, together with an envelope ready directed and stamped, be sent to Basil Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.



LASSOING REINDEER—A SUCCESSFUL THROW



ALL READY FOR THE START



ON THE JOURNEY

A REINDEER JOURNEY ACROSS NORTHERN SIBERIA FROM KARA SEA TO THE OBI

Mr. Longenecker, States Attorney,
The Counsel for the Prosecution

Mr. W. S. S. Forest
The Counsel for the Defence



1. Beggs 2. Coughlin 3. O'Sullivan 4. Burke 5. Kunze
THE PRISONERS

THE CRONIN TRIAL AT CHICAGO—THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE CROSS-EXAMINING MR. TOLLMAN, THE EXPERT MICROSCOPIST

THE CRONIN TRIAL IN CHICAGO

PECULIAR interest has been taken in England over this case, owing to the manner in which it affects the relations existing between England and America. It will be remembered that on May 4th Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, a prominent member of the Clan-na-Gael, mysteriously disappeared. All sorts of rumours were current, and damaging assertions were made against his character, until, on May 22nd, all doubts were set at rest by the discovery of his body, stripped, and showing severe injuries to the head, in a catch-basin in Arlington Park, Lake View. It was evident that he had been murdered, and ten days later the police discovered a cottage where the murder had been committed. Then the circumstances of his disappearance were considered. As a member of the Clan-na-Gael he had commented very severely upon the conduct of Alexander Sullivan and others who had used the funds of the Association for the purpose of carrying on the "dynamite war" against this country. Much ill-feeling had been engendered by Cronin's strictures, and one Beggs,

Guardian of Camp 20 of the Clan, had been heard to say that Cronin's denunciations of Sullivan and the "Triangle" must be stopped "if it took blood." Beggs was arrested, and so was Sullivan. The latter, however, after an exhaustive examination, was discharged for want of sufficient evidence. Others arrested were P. O'Sullivan, an ice-dealer, who brought the message which induced Cronin to come out on the fatal evening, and who lived near the cottage at Lake View; Coughlin, a member of the Clan, and a detective, who had first been employed in investigating the case, and was then charged with complicity in it; Kunze, a friend of Coughlin's; Woodruff, the disseminator of a false story about Cronin having helped to dispose of a woman's body in a trunk; and lastly, Burke, *alias* Williams, the man who had hired the cottage in which the murder was committed. Burke fled to Winnipeg, when the murder was discovered, but was extradited by the Canadian Government, and narrowly escaped lynching on his return to the States. Eventually, and after innumerable objections had been raised by the counsel for the defence, Mr. H. S. Forest, and overruled by the Judge,

the trial was fixed for August 26th. Then, however, progress was even slower than before, for both sides took the utmost advantage of the right to challenge jurymen which in America is carried to such extreme lengths. On behalf of the defence all Protestants, Germans, and Scandinavians were told to stand down; while, on the contrary, States-Attorney Longenecker would have no Irishmen or Roman Catholics in the box. Hundreds of talesmen were examined, two whole months were wasted, and a plot to corrupt the jurymen was hatched and discovered, before twelve good men and true, upon whom both sides could agree, had been finally selected. On October 24th the trial at last began, but, owing to the enormous number of witnesses to be examined, and the weighty interests involved, it was not ended until after these words went to press. Suffice it to say here that States-Attorney Longenecker conducted the prosecution in a manner which, while exceedingly able, was perhaps a trifle more Old Baileyish than we are accustomed to nowadays on this side; while Mr. Forest worked exceedingly hard for his clients. Woodruff is not included in the present list of defendants.



Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay Prince Albert Victor Lady Reay Sir E. Bradford

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA—A PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, POONA

LYCEUM—MATINEES—THE DEAD HEART—Monday and Tuesday next, December 23rd and 24th at 2.30. On these days NO PERFORMANCE at Night.

LYCEUM—THE DEAD HEART—A Story of the French Revolution—Every Evening (except December 23rd and 24th) at Eight o'clock. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

GLOBE THEATRE—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON—Mr. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPERIAN COMPANY Every Evening in Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8. Box-office open Daily from 10.0 to 5.0. Admission, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. (numbered and reserved); Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. ALLEN. **MATINEES OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, Boxing Day, Thursday, December 26, Saturday, December 28, and every following Saturday until further notice. Doors open at 2.30, commence at 2.30. Children half-price to Stalls and Dress Circle.

GALLERY OF MYSTERY, corner of Dean Street, Oxford Street. Startling Illusions. Utterly Inexplicable. Heretofore specially engaged. Daily Three and Eight.

BRITANNIA THEATRE—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. —On BOXING DAY at 12 and 7. Grand Comic Pantomime, **YE BOLD BAD BARON**. By J. Addison. Superb Transformation Scene. Mrs. S. Lane and Mr. Walter Munroe. Misses Millie Howes, Edith French, Massey, Floretta; Messrs. Willie Crackles, W. Gardiner, G. Bigwood, and Brilliant Company. Glorious Good Old-Fashioned HARLEQUINADE by Dolph Rowella and his Troupe. Morning Performances Friday, December 27th, Saturday, December 28th, and every Monday and Thursday at 7.

GLADWELL'S FINE ART GALLERY NOW ON EXHIBITION. SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Several NEW AND CHOICE ETCHINGS.

For which subscribers' names are now being received, and which will be ready in time for delivery before Christmas, amongst which are included some of the choicest works of the most popular painters and etchers. Particulars on application.

GLADWELL BROTHERS, The City of London Fine Art Gallery, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Established over half a century.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON BRIGHTON, & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Friday, Dec. 27th, except those issued for a less distance than 10 miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS. Dec. 23rd, 24th, and 26th. The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 4.55 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on the 24th and 26th to Cowes and Newport also (1st and 2nd Class).

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Fast Trains (1st, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 and 8.25 a.m. to London. A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 6.50 a.m., calling at all stations to Ryde Pier in connection with a Boat at 7.30 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8.25 a.m. Fast Train to London.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY, AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY. First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room and Smoking Cars are run in the 12.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 5.0 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.—A Special Train will leave Victoria 11.55 p.m., and London Bridge at midnight, Tuesday, December 24th, for Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). A Special Train will leave London Bridge 3.30 a.m. (25th) for Brighton, calling at East Croydon and Red Hill Junction (1st, and 3rd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris and the Continent, &c.:

* The Company's West End Booking Offices, 148, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W. and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road. Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill. Jakins, "The Red Cap," Camden Town, and 96, Leadenhall Street. Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers. * These two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, Dec. 21st, 23rd, and 24th. For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND LEVANT.—The Orient Company will despatch their large full-powered Steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3,870 tons register, 5,000 horse power, from London, on the 19th February, for a cruise of six weeks, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Palermo, Zante, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and Algiers. The Chimborazo is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to West End Agents, GRINDLAY and CO., 55, Parliament St., S.W.



SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

See page 754

A REINDEER JOURNEY ACROSS NORTHERN SIBERIA

In the August and September numbers of *Murray's Magazine*, Mr. Victor Morier, son of Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, gives a full account of a reindeer journey undertaken by him last year from the Jugorski Straits, the southernmost entrance into the Kara Sea, across the Ural range to Obdorsk, at the mouth of the Obi River. Taking passage on board a trading vessel called the *Labrador*, Mr. Morier had hoped to perform the same journey as had been accomplished by the renowned Captain Wiggins the year before, namely, to penetrate 1,500 miles up the Yenisei River as far as the town of Yeniseisk, but a mishap prevented him from proceeding further than a few days' sail into the Kara Sea. Having landed on that Arctic coast, he arranged with some Samoyede nomads to convey him across the frozen desert to Obdorsk, and hence the reindeer journey referred to above. Want of space compels us here to confine ourselves to a brief explanation of the photographs from which our engravings are taken. To the Samoyede the reindeer is an indispensable creature. When clear of disease, a herd doubles its numbers year by year. Their flesh supplies food, their hides clothing and shelter, their labour the power of locomotion. With the surplus hides which he sells, the Samoyede buys vodka and other creature comforts, besides adorning his wife with spangles and bits of coloured cloth. One of our engravings represents Mr. Morier in light marching order driving a three-deer sledge. Behind are two Samoyedes, male and female, also in light marching order, on a similar sledge. The driving is done with a single rein, which is fastened to the outside-deer, a powerful and mature animal being always selected for this responsible position. Another engraving represents a group of Samoyedes, male and female, with Mr. Morier standing in the background; dogs, sledges, and reindeer. The women wear a short coat of reindeer-skin, trimmed with a flounce of dog-fur. Their head-dress is shaped exactly like the sun-bonnet of an English dairy-maid. The remaining engraving represents Mr. Morier

in the act of lassoing a deer, or rather of drawing him in after a successful throw. The old stagers come to the sledges of their own accord, but the younger and less trained animals have to be caught in this manner, often with infinite trouble and exertion.

THE CRONIN TRIAL

See page 745.

PORTUGUESE INVASION OF NYASSA-LAND

AND

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA

See page 762.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 748.

MR. A. F. WILLIAMSON,

The late Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department, was born in 1831, and educated at the Hammersmith Grammar School. For a time he was engaged as a temporary clerk in the War Office, but the attractions of the police force, into which he might be said to have been born (his father, a Waterloo veteran, was one of the first Superintendents of the "New Police"), caused him in 1850 to take service as a constable. Two years later he was transferred to Scotland Yard, and the story of his official career since that date would be practically a history of the most famous criminal cases of our time—among others the Orsini Conspiracy, the Russian Forgeries, the Road Murder, the Turf Frauds, the Clerkenwell Explosion, and lately the Dynamite Outrages, when, as Chief Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, under Mr. Howard Vincent, he had charge of the exceptional police precautions necessitated. Mr. Williamson, who was practically acquainted with the duties of every member of the force, was regarded with the greatest affection by all ranks, and his appointment as Chief Constable in 1886 was as popular as it was well-deserved. Mr. Monro, in saying that by his death "the force has sustained an irreparable loss, and the public has to lament the removal of one of its most trusted and devoted servants," has expressed a very general feeling. The funeral was held on December 12th at Woking Cemetery, when fifty police-officers followed the body to the grave.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Chapside.

MR. J. C. MACDONALD

As a rule the public is little acquainted with the personality of those engaged in journalistic work. The Parnell Commission, however, had made many familiar with the figure and face of John Cameron Macdonald, the Manager of the *Times*, who passed away last week. Born at Fort William, N.B., in 1822, Mr. Macdonald early made the journey to London, for he was not twenty when he came up to town and joined the reporting staff of the "Thunderer." Among the work which he did in this capacity may be noted his letters from Ireland in 1848, his articles on the Great Exhibition, and his description of the scene in the streets on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, while during the Crimean War he went to the scene of action to distribute the *Times* Relief Fund for the sick and wounded. On his return he was appointed manager of the printing department, and it was during his régime, and largely owing to his efforts, that the "Walter Press" was successfully set to work. Later on, upon the retirement of Mr. Mowbray Morris, Mr. Macdonald became Manager. As such, of course, he had to bear the chief burden of the *Times* case before the Commission. When the Court rose in July he showed signs of fatigue, and though a holiday in Scotland apparently restored him, some three months ago he was seized with the illness which eventually proved fatal. As a proof of the estimation in which Mr. Macdonald was held we may mention that some two hundred of his colleagues and subordinates at Printing House Square were in Croydon Parish Church on Saturday last, when the funeral service was performed.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, East Street, Brighton.

COLONEL BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, C.B.,

WHO died on the 27th ult., while returning from India on board H.M.S. *Serapis*, was born in 1836, and educated at Rugby. In 1854 he entered the Bengal Army. He served during the Mutiny, was present at the capture of Delhi, and gained the medal and clasp. His other war services were the North-West India Campaign, 1860 (medal and clasp), Jowaki Expedition, 1877-8 (mentioned in despatches, clasp), and Afghan War, 1878-9, when he commanded the Fifth Punjab Cavalry, and assisted at the capture of Ali Musjid (mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp). When the Prince of Wales visited India in 1876, Colonel Williams acted as his Equerry. Since 1883 he has been Director of the Remount Department in India, and it was a visit to Prussia, in connection with his duties, which laid the seeds of his ill-health. His commissions were dated, Captain, 1866; Major, 1874; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1879; and Colonel, 1883. In 1887, he was created Companion of the Bath.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Edwards, 1, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL

See page 760

WITH THE MAIL BAGS

See page 755

THE GAS STRIKE

See page 762

ROBERT BROWNING

AND

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

See page 764

REMBRANDT AS AN OFFICER

In the famous picture gallery at the Hague, there are five paintings by Rembrandt, all excellent specimens of his early manner, that is to say, before he adopted that subdued tone of brown dimness which characterised his later works. Among these pictures is one known as "The Officer," which is probably the painter's own portrait, and which was, according to Vosmaer, executed about 1634. Rembrandt was then quite a young man, being only twenty-seven years old, and he had recently been married to the fascinating Saskia von Ulenburg, whose portrait he was so fond of taking. The young wife was probably urgent in return that her artist-spouse should depict himself; however this may be, during the years 1633 and 1634 Rembrandt produced (besides the painting here engraved) no less than eight etchings of himself in various costumes. Our engraving is a reproduction of an etching executed by M. Charles Baude, of 8, Rue Le Verrier, Paris. This engraving was exhibited in the French Fine Arts Section at the recent Paris Exhibition, and won for its executant a first-class medal.



POLITICAL.—Parliament is to reassemble on the 11th of February. In his speeches at Nottingham, on Tuesday, Mr. Parnell was all conciliation and optimism, except, of course, as regards the Irish policy of the Government and its results. Confident of the triumph of the Home Rule cause the people of Ireland are, he assured his hearers, to be peaceful until it does come. When it has come there is to be no talk of separation, or of anything but grateful loyalty to the British connection. The Irish Parliament of the future is to devote itself to the development of the industrial resources of the country by a judicious expenditure of Irish money alone, without putting its hands, as at present, into John Bull's pocket. To complete the rosy picture, Mr. Parnell represented the future Irish Parliament as "showing benefits" on the thankful and contented Protestant minority in Ulster and elsewhere.—Lord Spencer, speaking at Birmingham on Tuesday, made a virtue of necessity, and seeing no prospect of a speedy dissolution of Parliament, said that the longer it was deferred the larger would be the Gladstonian majority when it did come.—The more recent light thrown on the character of the revolution in Brazil does not seem to have modified Mr. Gladstone's original verdict on it. Though it is now clear that it was the deposition of the chief of a constitutional State by a merely military *pronunciamento* of the ordinary South American type, he informs a startled correspondent that he regards the "peacefulness" with which it was effected as "a sign of political education." To another correspondent Mr. Gladstone can only promise a "dispassionate consideration" of an Eight Hours Bill when it is presented.—On this question Lord Randolph Churchill goes a great deal further, and eulogises the principle of such a measure, for which he is prepared to vote if the duly-qualified representatives of labour are in its favour. He adds that to prohibit the immigration of foreign paupers is essential to the success of a short-time movement.

THE FIRMNESS of the South Metropolitan Gas Company is being rewarded by success. The new men engaged are working away very satisfactorily, and in a short time the production of gas will be what it was before the strike. The coal porters have, contrary to their agreement, refused to unload Lord Durham's coal-steamers because the sailors on board of them, belonging to a Union of their own at Sunderland, naturally decline to join the Union to which the London coal porters belong. However, at a conference with the Lord Mayor and Sir John Lubbock on Tuesday, when the coal merchants complained of this breach of agreement, the representative of the London coal porters promised to do his best to bring about a satisfactory settlement. On Wednesday it was announced that the Durham coal steamers might be unloaded, but that all boats afterwards must be manned by members of the Amalgamated Coal Porters and Sailors Union.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL has been showing its fondness for subordinating the interests of its constituents to its own love of power. On Tuesday, it decided to delay acceptance of the schemes of the Charity Commissioners for dealing with the City parochial charities, in order that it might alter them. Delay was, however, virtually opposed by a considerable minority, among others by Mr. Evan Spicer, who pointed out that the course suggested threw cold water on the scheme of Polytechnics, and would check the giving of money to forward them. The Charity Commissioners, he said, would not have received the large sum of 700,000, for those institutions unless the public had felt sure that endowments were to be granted to carry on the work for which it had subscribed capital to buy the land and buildings.

A DARING AND SUCCESSFUL ROBBERY of a postman's mail-bag was effected on Tuesday morning in Hatton Garden, which, as the centre of the London diamond and jewellery trade, is a favourite "objective" of the predatory class. The postman was delivering letters at an office on the second floor of 10, Hatton Garden, when he was seized and dragged into the office, which was locked behind him, and when at last he emerged from it by breaking through the thick glass of the door, he found his post-bag and the thieves both gone. The office, which was scantily furnished, was let five weeks ago to a suspicious tenant, who has been seldom, and since the robbery never, visible. A lad employed on the ground-floor saw just before the reappearance of the imprisoned postman two men rush downstairs and make for the Circus. It is supposed that the robbers intended to steal the letters brought by the Cape Mail, but fortunately they were delivered the night before. As it is, among the contents of the stolen post-bag was a package in which was a necklace worth about 5,000.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, on just completing her ninetieth year, of Lady Charlotte Barbara Lyster, sister of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, and widow of Mr. H. Lyster, of Rowton Castle, Shropshire, from which her nephew and heir, Lord Rowton, derived his title; in her forty-ninth year, of Lady Dynevor; in his seventy-first year, of the Right Hon. Edward Pleydell Bouverie, second son of the third Earl of Radnor, who filled various offices in successive Liberal administrations from 1850 to 1855. He was M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs from 1844 to 1874, when he was defeated in consequence of his opposition, as a Whig of the old school, to Mr. Gladstone's later politics; in his sixty-eighth year, of the Rev. Dr. Neville, Roman Catholic Dean of Cork, another Liberal of the old school who did not sympathise with the Nationalist movement; in his fifty-eighth year, of Major-General Alured C. Johnson, commanding the Royal Artillery in Ireland, who, in the Afghan War of 1879-80, commanded the Artillery in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar, and in the battle there; in his seventy-sixth year, of Major Peter Egerton Warburton, a member of a well-known Cheshire family, who led an exploring expedition in Central Australia between 1872 and 1875; in his eighty-fifth year, of Major Basil Grey, who, fifty years ago, as a Lieutenant in command of a half-company of the 45th Regiment, successfully defended the entrance to the town of Newport, South Wales, against a very superior force of armed Chartists; in his eightieth year, of the Rev. Richard E. Roberts, Hon. Canon of Ripon Cathedral, and Rural Dean of West Richmond, Yorkshire; of the Rev. Francis G. Howard, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Censor of Non-Collegiate Students in that University; in his sixty-second year, of the Rev. Edward Bradley, Vicar of Lenton, near Grantham, who, under the well-known *nom de plume* of "Cuthbert Bede," published a number of works, chiefly of fiction and of tour and travel, by far the most popular of which was his earliest, "Verdant Green"; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Thomas Field Gibson, one of the original Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, of whom there are now only two survivors, Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone; of Mr. F. W. Cosens, one of the largest importers of sherry in London, and an accomplished Shakespearian and Spanish scholar, author of several translations from the Spanish; of Mr. W. G. Shrubsole, the meritorious painter of Welsh scenery; and, in her eighty-second year, of Mrs. Harriet Cooke, widow of the late Mr. Nathaniel Cooke, formerly of the publishing firm of Ingram and Cooke, who was one of the original promoters of *The Graphic* and up to the time of his death an energetic director of the company controlling this journal.



THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER presided on Tuesday at a meeting of the Provisional Committee to receive the report of a Sub-Committee which was appointed in connection with the proposed new See of Birmingham, and which recommended that the title of the See should be "The Bishopric of Birmingham and Coventry." This, and the other suggestions in the report, will be submitted to a public meeting to be held in Birmingham on January 21st, 1890. The Bishop of Worcester stated that the present population of his Diocese was 1,117,479. The new arrangement would reduce this to 323,409, and give the new Diocese of Birmingham and Coventry a population of 849,536.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER'S OFFER, referred to in "Our Illustrations," of a grave in Westminster Abbey for the late Robert Browning was spontaneous. The Dean has received through Mr. Hallam Tennyson a brief communication of thanks for taking this step. Among the signatures are those of the Primate, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Mr. Froude, Sir F. Leighton, and other gentlemen in the foremost rank of Literature, Science, and Art.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL has expressed approval of a protest, signed by 241 of the clergy of his Diocese, against what they style "the right claimed" by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Metropolitan, to try any Bishop of the Province. Of course, the reference is to the case of the Bishop of Lincoln.

THE DEAN OF ROCHESTER, DR. HOLE, at a recent meeting of Church of England working men, thought fit to speak of the "malignant and revengeful spirit which designed the prosecution" of the Vicar of Hoo. After receiving, however, a communication from Mrs. Swayne's solicitors, Dean Hole admitted that on further consideration and inquiry he wished to withdraw the expressions, and regretted that he had used them.

THE PREACHERSHIP AT GRAY'S INN will soon be vacant through the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Stokoe. Applications, to be marked "Preachership," with testimonials, will be received at the Steward's office, where information as to the duties and emoluments of the post can be obtained.

A SOLEMN "VESPER REQUIEM" at St. Alban's, Holborn, commemorated on Sunday the death, two years ago, under well-remembered and melancholy circumstances, of its former incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie. The scheme of building a chapel as a memorial to him has been abandoned, little more than half the money required having been subscribed. It is now proposed to devote the fund to executing structural alterations in St. Alban's, which will include the erection of a high altar, and to placing memorial crosses on the spot where, guarded by his two faithful dogs, his body was found.

THE WESLEYAN BODY has received 10,000*l.* from the executors of the late Sir William M'Arthur, which will be devoted to the extension of Methodism in Great Britain.

A MEMORIAL TO SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE in Westminster Abbey, near that to Warren Hastings, was silently unveiled by Viscount Cross on Tuesday, after a short prayer had been offered by the Dean. It is of marble, the profile of the head being in white and the background of black. In a brief Latin inscription reference is made to Sir Henry's Indian legislation, and to his works on "Village Communities" and on "Ancient Law."

LITERARY FACILITY

GENIUS has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. This, like some similar definitions, is but an attempt to compress within the limits of a neatly-framed and epigrammatic sentence the volatile essence of a subtle and altogether indefinable intellectual gift. The capacity for taking pains has often, no doubt, been possessed by men of genius, but, on the other hand, there have been not a few writers who, it may be granted, were painstaking in the highest degree, but to whose work there is yet wanting the magical and vivifying touch of genius. And again, this mysterious quality is to be found in works written *currente calamo*—works on whose composition but little pains were expended, whatever capacity for such labour their authors may have possessed.

I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of spirit are so dearly bought,

says Drummond of Hawthornden. "Toil of spirit" is not an expression to be defined in terms of days and weeks. Yet sometimes the inspired singer has produced heavenly lays with but little apparent toil of any kind.

There is an old tradition that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written in response to the desire, or rather command, of Queen Elizabeth, who was anxious to see Falstaff, with whose humours she was familiar in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, represented as a victim of the tender passion, and that in consequence Shakespeare wrote and produced that mirthful play within the short period of a fortnight. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, one of the best of Shakespearean authorities, regarded this tradition as deserving of favourable attention, if not of implicit credence. It is, however, certain that Shakespeare did write with great rapidity, and that he paid little, if any, attention to revision and correction. "The players," says Ben Jonson, "have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that, in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line." Heminges and Condell, his fellow actors, in their preface to the first folio collection of the plays, bear the same testimony. Jonson himself would seem, from entries in Henslowe's "Diary," to have written one of his massive dramas in little more than three weeks.

The great Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, bequeathed to his country such a mass of dramatic work, so many scores of plays of all kinds, that his rate of production must have been exceedingly rapid. Some ridiculous stories have been told as to the extraordinary facility with which he penned his dramas. That he wrote a play in a morning before breakfast we may be content to disbelieve, for, as Hazlitt remarks, he had time enough to do it after. It is, indeed, as a rule, but second-rate work that is produced with such extreme rapidity. Only a poetaster, like Miss Anna Seward, could have the presumption to talk of translating an Ode of Horace while dressing her hair. One of the most facile and diligent of book-makers of the last century was Dr. Hill, who could earn, to the astonishment and envy of Grub Street, the noble income of fifteen guineas a week by working on a large scale for the wholesale booksellers. At one period of his career he was employed simultaneously on six voluminous works of Botany, Husbandry, &c., which were published in weekly numbers. Hogarth, in one of his plates, has a representation of a sturdy porter heavily over-

weighted with a pile of the doctor's ponderous tomes. Boswell's early correspondent, Andrew Erskine, describes him with humorous exaggeration as writing "a folio every month, a quarto every fortnight, an octavo every week, and a duodecimo every day." Dr. Hill enjoyed his fifteen guineas a week, but his works perished with him.

Dr. Johnson, sluggish as he was, could yet, when spurred by necessity, write with great rapidity matter by no means ephemeral. His "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of a single week. He once remarked to Goldsmith, with evident appreciation of his own speed, that he had written, in one day, a hundred lines of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Lope de Vega would have smiled at such a modest "output" as the result of a day's work, and, indeed, there is hardly anything more variable than the degree of facility in production possessed by poets and dramatists of undoubted genius. Three weeks was the usual time allotted by Victor Hugo to the penning of a five-act tragedy, while our own Congreve spent the greater part of three years in writing and polishing his single essay in the same kind of dramatic composition. The latter, however, could on occasion work very rapidly. In 1704, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Walsh produced a version of Molière's farce *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. Each poet took an act, and the whole was done in two mornings. *Squire Trelooby*, as it was called, became very popular, and the authors, or rather adapters, were doubtless proud of their celerity. In the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve remarks:—

The World by this important project sees
Confederates can dispatch if once they please.

The most powerful tragedy of modern times, the *Cenci*, was the result of only two months' labour. During its composition, Shelley worked at high pressure, and, naturally enough, in a state of continued ill-health. He says himself that the work was a fine antidote to nervous medicines, and kept up the pain in his side, from which he suffered, as sticks do a fire. The play, powerful as it is, bears evident marks of the feverish haste in which it was written. Drummond's "toil of spirit" was not wanting, but such toil so unremittently endured was good neither for play nor poet.

Lamb's genius was of a different order. His best things were not the production of the pen of a ready writer. He told Crabb Robinson that he could write acrostics and album verses and things of like nature with a facility that approached that of the Italian *improvisatori*, but that he had great difficulty in composing either verse or prose which he himself wished to be excellent. The pain and difficulty, the toil of spirit, were not thrown away. Lamb's literary baggage may be small, but the greater part is of superlative quality.

One of the most facile of prose writers of the present century was Lord Brougham. His writings fill many volumes, but if the whole of them be weighed in the balance against one small copy of "Elia," the lover of literature needs not to be told which will kick the beam. While sitting at the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Brougham was accustomed to employ a great part of the time in writing articles or preparing speeches. Charles Greville, the diarist, describes him on one occasion at the Council Office writing a review for the *Edinburgh*:—"He writes this with inconceivable rapidity, seldom corrects, never reads over what he has written, but packs it up and despatches it rough from his pen to Macvey Napier."

But of all the ready writers the greatest was Sir Walter Scott. Considering the rapidity with which he wrote, and the great extent of his works, it is astonishing that the literary heritage which he has bequeathed to us should be of so valuable and enduring a nature as it is generally acknowledged to be. Verse and prose he wrote with almost equal facility. The first canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the result of three days' confinement to the house from the kick of a horse, and thereafter the poem proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week. The second and third volumes of "Waverley" were begun and completed between June 4th and July 1st, 1814. "Waverley's" successor was written with like rapidity, for Scott himself said that "Guy Mannering" was the work of six weeks at a Christmas. No reader needs to be reminded of the stupendous amount of work performed in an incredibly short space of time after the fatal smash that involved Scott in the ruin of Constable and Ballantyne.

It would be tedious to multiply further instances either of extreme rapidity or of painful slowness in composition. Most imaginative writings of value have been produced in one or other of these ways. It is given but to few writers of literature, properly so-called, to pursue the middle path of steady, uniform, unhesitating, and unhurrying production. The poet, or the novelist, is not often found who can, like Anthony Trollope, plan out a book into so many chapters a month, and so many pages a day, and who can then sit down every morning and write the allotted task, neither waiting for inspiration nor hurrying anxiously towards the goal, but calmly adding page to page until the tale of work is done. It would be of evil omen for literature should such a mode of production ever become general. But there is no fear of such a catastrophe. A good book, as Milton says, is the life blood of a master spirit, and such life blood, although it may move sluggishly in one, or stir the bounding pulses to feverish activity in another, can yet never be distilled in daily doses of carefully calculated weight and volume.

G. L. A.



THE REREDOS CASE.—The Bishop of London has been successful in his appeal to the Court of Appeal, which has unanimously reversed the decision against him of the majority of the Queen's Bench Division, and has affirmed that he was legitimately exercising an undoubted right when he refused to allow the question of the legality of the erection of the much-talked-of reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral to be referred to the proper ecclesiastical tribunal. On that question the Court of Appeal pronounced no opinion. The Bishop of London is allowed his costs in both Courts.

THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHEME.—The Lord Chancellor has delivered judgment, embodying the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council on the petition of the Governing body of Christ's Hospital and others against the scheme of the Charity Commissioners for its future administration, summarised in this column at the time of its promulgation. All the petitions were dismissed with the exception of one item in that of the Governors of the Hospital. The Commissioners' scheme included a provision that if the parent of a child in any boarding-house of the foundation claimed to be exempted from attending religious worship or receiving religious instruction such claim should be allowed. This the Judicial Committee regarded as a clear contravention of the Endowed Schools Act, which directs that when a claim of the kind is made and objected to by those in charge of the boarding-house, "it shall be the duty of the Governing body of such school to make proper provision for enabling the scholar to attend the school, and have such exemption as a day-scholar," thus excluding the boarders from the operation of a conscience-clause, but admitting it

in the case of day-scholars. The Judicial Committee have, therefore, remitted this item of the scheme to the Charity Commissioners as contrary to the Endowed Schools Act of 1869.

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN contradicts as utterly baseless and untrue elaborate accounts which have been published of his alleged ill-health, and consequent incapacity for the discharge of his judicial functions.

THE HOME OFFICE AUTHORITIES have interdicted as illegal a lottery extensively advertised the profits of which were to be applied to the funds of the North-West London Hospital.

MR. WILLIAM PEARSON, of Leicester and Liverpool successively, found some sixty-eight persons credulous enough to entrust him with 1,800*l.* in response to his advertisement of "Pearson's Infallible Accumulative System of Doubling Capital." Among the marvels to be worked by this infallible system was the payment, commencing immediately, of a guaranteed weekly income of 1*l.* for fifty-two weeks in consideration of the investment of 20*l.* At the end of the year the 20*l.* would be repaid, or a new contract entered into for a further fifty-two weeks at an increased income. When Pearson was arrested, it was found that for the mere repayment of the 1,800*l.* he possessed only 750*l.* A jury at the Liverpool Assizes having found him guilty of obtaining money under false pretences, and the prisoner having admitted a previous conviction, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude by Mr. Justice Grantham, who compared his scheme to the South Sea Bubble.

ARNEMANN, the German dentist, charged with the attempted murder of Judge Bristowe, at Nottingham, was committed for trial on Wednesday. Judge Bristowe remains in the hospital, and was unable to appear and give evidence before the magistrates. The bullet has not yet been extracted.

A DESERTED GOLDFIELD IN AUSTRALIA

THERE are few more melancholy spectacles than that of a decayed and deserted goldfield. Where twenty thousand eager souls delved and dug for hidden treasure, the shrill cicala rattles its incessant note undisturbedly in the noon-day sun, and the pretty harmless lizard darts fearlessly from stone to stone. The mangled earth lies all unshriven, large fissures abound, and innumerable holes, which might have been rifle-pits, and here and there unshapely mounds and rough trenches, hurriedly thrown up by men with wild, eager hearts and blistered hands, all remind one of a battlefield. The marks of human occupancy linger still—rusty fragments like broken weapons, osseous relics, tent-pegs, and numerous other waifs and strays crop up occasionally.

Those were the days of the "Black Ball Liners," the *Red Jacket*, the *Marco Polo*, and other fleet sailing ships, when a passage of eighty days was thought worthy of record in every newspaper. The gold-seekers brought with them such songs as "Cheer Boys, Cheer," "The Ship on Fire," and many another by Henry Russell—so popular then—with which they made night lively. Ricketty marquees were fitted up, and screaming farce or lurid melodrama performed, after nightfall, to strangely mixed audiences, sometimes followed by real tragedy! Remains of such places are yet to be found, with scraps of hand-written posters sometimes still adhering. As you try to decipher them, the scream of a wild bird, as it flies past, breaks the silence, and the sigh of the hanging bark-strips suspended from the dark gum-trees falls on the ear with a melancholy refrain.

Old colonists divide Australian history into three epochs—"Olden Days," when pastoral pursuits alone prevailed; "Golden Days," when the European rush brought population by leaps and bounds; and the present settled, steadily-progressive "Modern Days." They were mad times, those "Golden Days," when the auriferous fever seized on all classes alike. The rich gullies and alluvial flats are now worked out—the wild orgies of those days have given place to the monotonous steady-going employment of quartz-mining, prosecuted by capitalists and companies with costly machinery.

The abandoned goldfield across which we are gazing spreads its bare sterile surface like an oasis in the centre of a hilly region of densely-wooded ranges. It is some 300 miles up-country from the capital, and 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. Primæval forest lies all around. Standing on a near elevation, trees, and nothing but trees, seem to stretch away in countless leagues on either hand to the distant horizon. Yet through this wilderness the gold-escort in the old days had to make its way to the seaboard. A cluster of forest giants in the near foreground stand like sentinels along the ridge beyond which a steep declivity runs down to the sinuous stream which a little farther on has a fall of 450 feet. To-day the wasted stream meanders at the foot of the irregular wooded hills beyond as peacefully as of old, before its ancient way was rudely disturbed by the sudden irruption of strange men who bore no resemblance to the wandering native tribes who had reared their mia-mias and lighted their forest fires beside its sun-dried banks for countless ages. On the sheltered side of one of these slopes beneath the trees are a few grave-mounds indicating where some of the fallen slept.

Appropriately enough, the stream is of a brownish-yellow colour, and quite opaque, stealing noiselessly along until, with a sudden, panther-like spring, it makes its great leap, a tawny mass of turbid water, without sparkle, as though still thick from the washing of the diggers' cradles. It is soon lost in the winding recesses, and then beyond we see more trees, and again trees, ever receding in measured gradation, until blent in the deep blue haze of the Australian bush.

Concealed for the moment by the rising ground, on our right stands the pretty hill-town of Beechworth, which grew, like many others, out of the *débris* of this undisciplined invasion. The years that have since passed have brought many changes, and softened down the crudities of its early days. At one end of the principal street is a picturesque Gothic church, with an ivy-clad tower, old enough and grey enough to bear witness that a generation has sprung up since the wild old times of the goldfields. In the churchyard are many gravestones, bearing, besides the English names of these first forefathers, the names of their birthplace—calling up visions of Surrey lanes, Sussex downs, and pretty Devonshire villages whence they came.

English trees are planted in the streets, and the bright yellow clusters of the drooping laburnum contrast with the native wattle's golden bloom. There is an absence of feverish bustle in the sunny streets, and an air of prosperous peacefulness, such as characterise the smaller English country towns when agricultural pursuits were more profitable than now. Children with blue eyes and flaxen hair, wearing white sun-hats, troop along to the State-school, and the merry shout of boys at cricket steals across from the well-kept green. Old English flowers bedeck the cottage gardens, and some of them are thick with fuchsias and myrtles, while up the deep verandah climb delicate pink convolvuli and sweet-scented jessamine.

When the day is done, beneath the rustic porch of some of these cottages overlooking the ancient goldfield, dwellers sit and smoke their evening pipe, and watch the sun set across the distant ranges, while some old Kaspar, who came out in "the fifties," when his work is done orates to the children, and tells, for the hundredth time, his tales of the goldfields and the Old World times, to which era this metalliferous battlefield belongs.

S. T.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

He uttered a loud shriek, and struggled wildly to raise himself.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MEMORABLE DAY

"... BUT do you know, dear Maurice, that you propose marrying a beggar; and more than that, a most unabashed beggar, as you will be saying to yourself presently? The fact is, immediately after you left this afternoon, the post brought me a letter from Sister Alexandra, who tells me that two of her small children, suffering from hip-disease, must be sent home, for the doctors say they are getting no better, and the beds in the ward are wanted. They are not fit to be sent home, she writes; then all the Country Holiday money collected last summer has been spent; and what is she to do? Well, I have told her to send them on to me, and I shall take my chance of finding the 5*l*. that will be necessary: the fact is, I happen to know one of the poor little things—Grace Wilson, her name is, the dearest little mite. But the truth is, dear Maurice, I haven't a penny; for I have overdrawn the small allowance that comes to me quarterly, and spent it all. Now don't be vexed that I ask you, *so soon*, for a little help; a sovereign will do, if Linn will give another; and Linn has always been very good to me in this way, though for some time back I have been ashamed to take anything from him. The Doctor grumbles, but gives me five shillings whenever I ask him; Auntie will give me the same; and the rest I can get from our friends and acquaintances about here. Don't be impatient with me, dear Maurice; and some day I will take you down to Whitechapel and show you the very prettiest sight in the whole world—and that is Sister Alexandra with her fifty children. . . ."

Maurice Mangan read this passage as he was driving in a hansom along Pall Mall, on his way to call on Lionel. The previous portion of the letter, which more intimately concerned herself and himself, he had read several times over before coming out, studying every phrase of it as if it were an individual treasure, and trying to listen for the sound of her voice in every sentence. And as for this more practical matter, why, although he was rather a poor man, he thought he was not going to allow Frances to wander about in search of grudging shillings and half-crowns so long as he himself could come to her aid; so at the foot of St. James's Street he stopped the hansom, went into the telegraph-office, and sent off the following message: "Five pounds will reach you to-morrow morning. You cannot refuse my first gift in our new relationship. MAURICE." And thereafter he went on to Piccadilly—feeling richer, indeed, rather than poorer.

When he rang the bell at Lionel's lodgings, it was with no very clear idea of the message or counsel he was bringing with him; but the news he now received put all these things out of his head. The house-porter appeared, looking somewhat concerned.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Moore is up-stairs; but I'm afraid he's very unwell."

"What is the matter?" Maurice asked instantly.

"He must have got wet coming home last night; sir; and he has caught a bad cold. I've just been for Dr. Whitsen; and he will be here at twelve."

"But Dr. Whitsen is a throat doctor—"

"Yes, sir; but it is always his throat Mr. Moore is most anxious about; and when he found himself husky this morning, he would take nothing but a raw egg beaten up, and a little port wine negus; and now he won't speak—he will only write on a piece of paper. He is saving himself for the theatre to-night, sir, I think that is it; but would you like to go up and see him?"

"Oh, yes, I will go up and see him," Mangan said; and without more ado he ascended the stairs and made his way into Lionel's bedroom.

He found his friend under a perfect mountain of clothes that had been heaped upon him; and certainly he was not shivering now—on the contrary, his face was flushed and hot, and his eyes singularly bright and restless. As soon as Lionel saw who this new comer was, he made a sign that a block of paper and a pencil lying on the table should be brought to him; and turning slightly, he put the paper on the pillow and wrote—

"I'm nursing my voice—hope to be all right by night—are you busy to-day, Maurice?"

"No—there is no House on Saturday," Maurice made answer.

"I wish you would stay by me," Lionel wrote—with rather a shaky hand. "I'm in dreadful trouble. I undertook to pay Percival Miles 1,00*l*. and Lord Rockminster 300*l*. to-day without fail; and I haven't a farthing; and don't know where to send or what to do."

"Oh, never mind about money!" Maurice said, almost impatiently—for there was something about the young man's appearance he did not at all like. "Why should you worry about that? The important business is for you to get well—"

"I tell you I MUST pay Rockminster to-day," the trembling pencil scrawled. "He was the only one of them who stood my friend. I tell you I MUST pay him—if I have to get up and go out and seek for the money myself—"

"Nonsense!" Mangan exclaimed. "What do people care about a day or two, when they hear you are ill? However, you needn't worry, Linn. As for that other sum you mention, well, that is beyond me—I couldn't lay my hands on it at once—but as for the 300*l*., I will lend you that—so set your mind at rest on that point."

"And you'll give it into Lord Rockminster's own hands—*his day?*"

"Surely it will be quite the same if I send the cheque by a commissionaire; he must get it sooner or later."

The earnest, restless eyes looked strangely supplicating.

"Into his own hands, Maurice!"

"Very well—very well," Mangan had just time to say—for here was the doctor.

Dr. Whitsen examined his patient with the customary professional calm and reticence; asked a few questions—which Lionel answered with such husky voice as was left him; and then he said—

"Yes, you have caught a severe chill, and your system is feverish generally: the throat is distinctly congested—"

"But to-night, doctor—the theatre—to-night!" Lionel broke in, excitedly. "Surely by eight o'clock—"

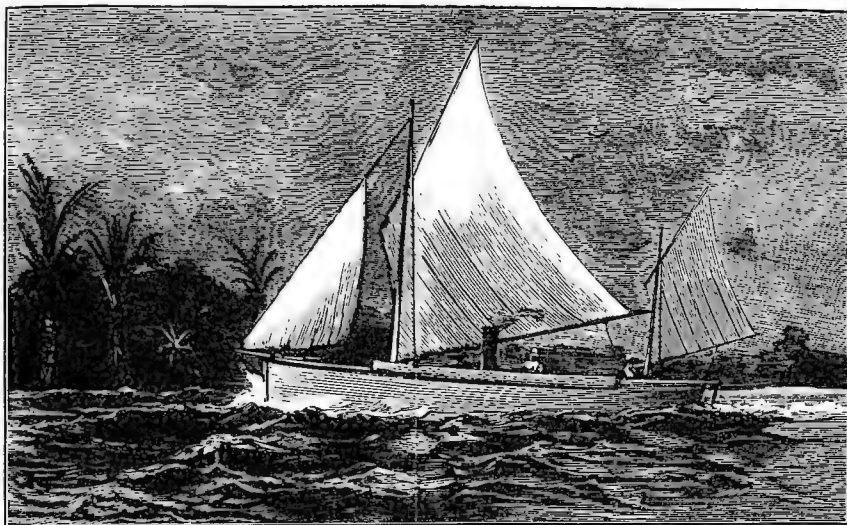
"Oh, quite impossible: not to be thought of," the doctor responded with decision.

"Why can't you do something to tide me over—for the one night!" the young man said, with appealing and almost pathetic eyes. "I've never disappointed the public once before—never once. And if I could only get over to-night, there's the long rest to-morrow and Monday—"

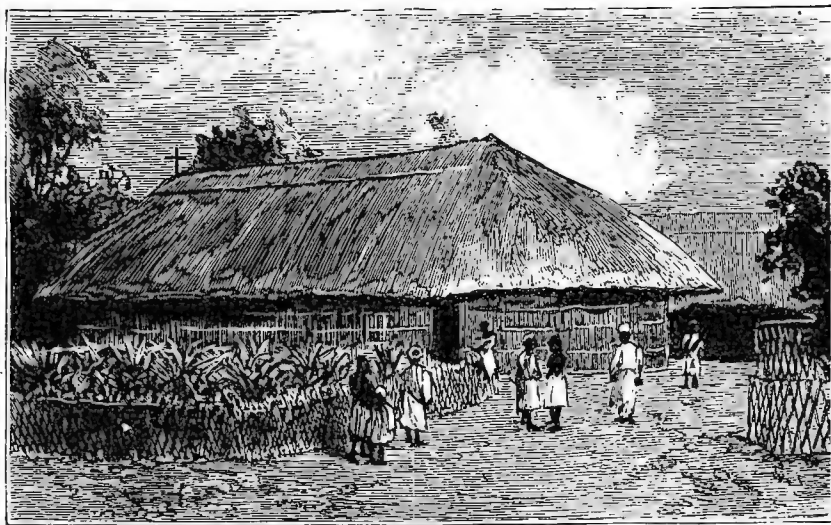
"Come, come," said the doctor, soothingly, "you must not excite yourself about a mere trifle. You know it is no uncommon thing; and the public don't resent it; they would be most unreasonable if they did. Singers are but mortal like themselves. No, no, you must put that out of your mind altogether."

Lionel turned to Maurice.

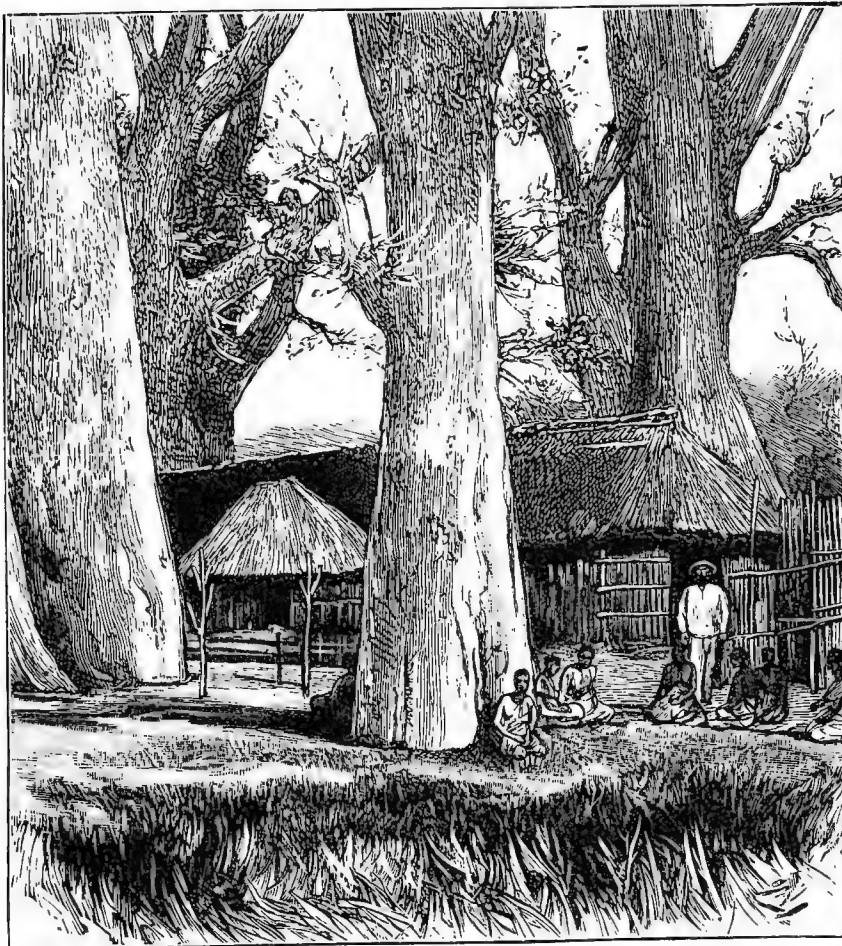
"Maurice," he said, in that husky voice, and yet with a curious subdued eagerness, "telegraph to Lehmann at once—at once. Doyle is all right; he has sung the part often enough. And will you send a note to Doyle—he can go into my dressing-room and take any of my things he wants: Lingard has the keys. And a telegram to mother—in case she should see something in the news papers: tell her there is nothing the matter—only a trifling cold—"



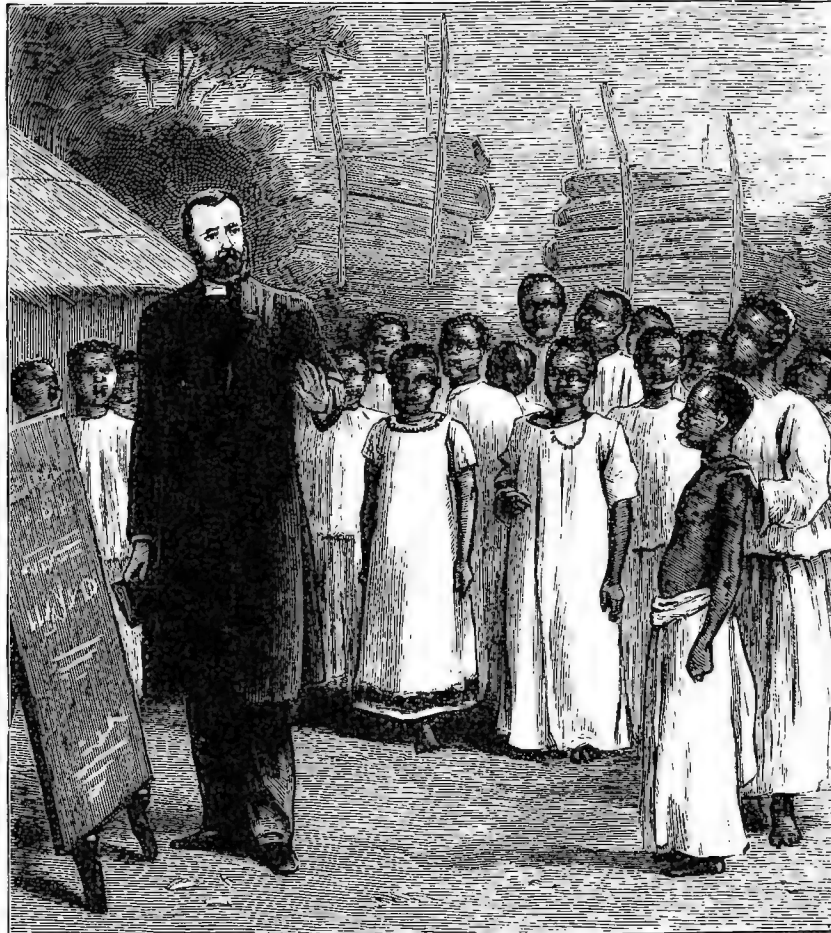
THE "NYASSA"—A STEAM CANOE USED ON THE LAKE



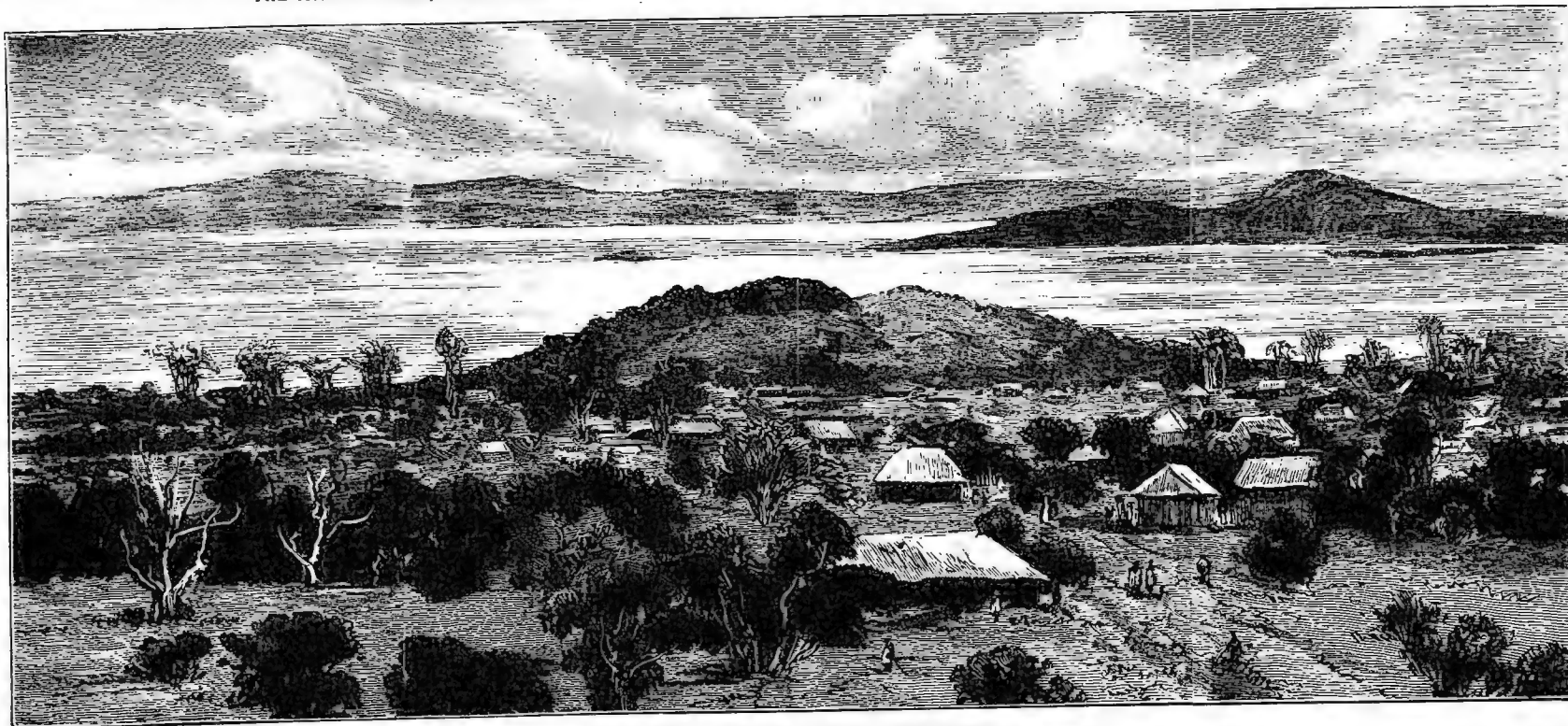
THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT LUKOMA



THE MISSION HOUSE, CHISIMULU



ARCHDEACON MAPLE'S NATIVE SINGING CLASS AT LUKOMA



GENERAL VIEW OF LUKOMA, LAKE NYASSA

"Really, Mr. Moore," said the doctor, interposing, "you must have a little care; you must calm yourself; I am sure your friend will attend to all these matters for you; but in the mean time you must exercise the greatest self-control, or you may do your throat some serious injury. Why should you be disturbed by so common an incident in professional life? Your substitute will do well enough; and the public will greet you with all the greater favour on your return."

"It never happened before," the young man said, in lower tones. "I never—had to give in before—"

"Now tell me," Dr. Whitsen continued. "Dr. Ballardyce is your usual medical attendant, is he not?"

"I know him very well; he is an old friend of mine; but I've never had occasion to trouble him much," was the answer, given with some greater care and reserve.

"I will call on him as I go by; and if possible we will come down together in the afternoon," the doctor said; and then Maurice fetched him writing materials from the other room, and he sat down at the little table. Before he went, he gave some general directions; then the two friends were left alone.

Lionel took up the pencil again, and turned to the block of paper. "The 300/., Maurice," his trembling fingers scrawled, showing how his mind was still torturing itself with these obligations.

"Oh, that's all right," Maurice answered lightly. "You give me Lord Rockminster's address, and I'll take the cheque to him myself as soon as the doctors have been here in the afternoon. Don't you worry about that, Linn, or about anything; for you know you mustn't increase that feverishness, or we shall have you a right-down bonâ-fide patient on our hands; and then when will you get back to the theatre again? I am going out now to telegraph to Lehmann. But I don't think I need alarm the Winstead people; you see, they don't read the Sunday papers; and, indeed, if I send a note now to Francie, she will get it the first thing in the morning. Linn," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "are you too much upset by your own affairs to listen to a bit of news? I came with the intention of telling you; but perhaps I'd better wait until you get over these present troubles—"

Lionel looked at him with those bright, restless eyes for a second or two, as if to gather something from his expression; and then he wrote—

"Is it about Francie?"

Maurice nodded: it was enough. Lionel stretched out his hot hand, and took that of his companion.

"I am glad," he said in a low voice. And then, after a moment or two's thinking, he turned to his writing again: "Well, it is hard, Maurice. I have been looking forward to this for many a day, and have been wondering how I should congratulate you both. And I get the news now—when I'm ruined. I haven't enough money even to buy a wedding-present for Francie!"

"Do you think she will mind that?" Mangan said, cheerfully. "But I'm going to send her your good wishes, Linn—now, when I write. And look here, if she should come up to see you—or your father and mother—for it is quite possible the doctors may insist on your giving your voice a rest for a considerable while—well, if they should come up from Winstead, mind you say nothing about your monetary troubles. They needn't be mentioned to anybody; nor need they worry you; I dare say I shall be able to get something more done; it will be all right. Only, if the Winstead people should come up, don't you say anything to them about these monetary affairs, or connect me with them; for it might put me into an awkward position—you understand?"

And the last words Lionel wrote on the block of paper before Mangan went out to execute his various commissions were these—

"You are a good friend, Maurice."

When the doctors arrived in the afternoon, Mangan had come back. They found Lionel complaining of acute headache and a burning thirst; his skin hot and dry; pulse full and quick; and also he seemed drowsy and heavy, though his eyes retained their restless brightness. There could be no doubt, as they privately informed Maurice, he was in the first stages of a violent fever; and the best thing that could be done was to get in a professional nurse at once. Yes, Mr. Mangan might communicate with his friends; his father, being himself a doctor, would judge whether it was worth while coming up just then; but of course it would be inadvisable to have a lot of relations crowding the sick-room. Obviously the immediate cause of the fever was the chill caught on the previous night; but there might have been predisposing causes; and everything calculated to excite the mind unduly was to be kept away from him. As for the throat, there were no dangerous symptoms as yet; the simple congestion would probably disappear, when the fever abated, with a return to health; but the people at the theatre might as well know that it would be a long time before Mr. Moore could return to his duties. Dr. Ballardyce would see at once about having a professional nurse sent: meanwhile, quiet, rest, and the absence of mental disturbance were the great things. And so the two augurs departed.

The moment that Mangan returned to Lionel's room, the latter glanced at him quickly and furtively.

"Are they gone, Maurice?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"And the cheque—for Lord Rockminster?"

"There it is, already drawn out," was the answer, as the slip of lilac paper was unfolded. "But I can't take it to him until the nurse comes—certainly not."

"She may be an hour, Maurice," Lionel said, restlessly. "I don't want anybody to wait on me. If you think it necessary, call up Mrs. Jenkins, and she can sit in the next room: the bell here is enough. Oh, my head!—my head!"—and he turned away wearily.

Maurice saw well enough that he would never rest until this money was paid; so he called up the house-porter's wife, and gave her some instructions; and forthwith set off for the address in Palace Gardens Terrace which Lionel had given him. When he arrived there, he was informed that his lordship was not at home. He pressed his inquiries; he said his business was of the utmost importance; and at last he elicited, after considerable waiting, that though no one in the house could say whether Lord Rockminster had gone, it was understood that he was dining at the Universities Club that evening. With this information Mangan returned to Piccadilly. He found the nurse already arrived, and installed. He pacified Lionel with the news; for, if he went along to the Universities Club at half-past eight, he must surely be able to place the money in Lord Rockminster's own hands.

"Maurice, you're awfully kind," his friend murmured. "And you've had nothing to eat all day. Tell Mrs. Jenkins to get you something—"

"Oh, that's all right," Mangan said, carelessly. "I'll just scribble a line to Francie, to tell her what the doctors have said; and I'll take that down to the post myself. Then I'll get something to eat; and come back here; and at half-past eight I'm going along to Pall Mall, where I'm certain to catch Lord Rockminster—so that it's all quite right and straight, you see."

But as it chanced, when he went along to the Universities that evening, he found he had missed his man—by only a minute or two. He was surprised and troubled; and he knew how Lionel would fret. The hall-porter did not know whether Lord Rockminster had gone: that is to say, he almost certainly did know, but it was not his business to tell. Luckily, at this same moment, there was a young

fellow leaving the club, and, as he was lighting his cigar, he heard Maurice's enquiries—and perhaps was rather struck by his appearance, which was certainly not that of a sheriff's officer.

"I think I can tell you where they have gone, sir," said the young man, good-naturedly. "Some of them had an early dinner to-night, to go up to the billiard-handicap at the Palm-Tree: I fancy Lord Rockminster was of the party, and that you will find him there."

This information proved correct. Mangan went up to the Palm-Tree Club in St. James's Street; and sent in his card. Almost directly he was invited to step up-stairs to the billiard-room. Just as he entered the door, he saw Lord Rockminster leave the raised bench where he had been seated by the side of a very artificial-looking palm-tree stem, and the next moment the two men were face-to-face.

"How do you do, Mr. Mangan?" Lord Rockminster said, in his usual impassive way. "You remember I had the pleasure of meeting you at my sister's. What is the matter with your friend Mr. Moore?—I see by the evening paper he is not to appear to-night."

"He is far from well—a chill followed by a fever," Mangan answered. "I have just come from him, with a message for you."

"Oh, really," said the young nobleman. "Ah, I dare say I know; but I assure you it is quite unnecessary. Tell him not to mind. When a fellow's ill, why should he be troubled?"

Maurice had taken out his pocket-book, and was searching for the lilac slip.

"But here is the cheque, Lord Rockminster; and nothing would do him but that I must give it into your own hands."

"Oh, really."

Lord Rockminster took the cheque, and happened to glance at it. "Ah, I see this is drawn out by yourself, Mr. Mangan," he said.

"I presume—eh—that you have lent Mr. Moore the money."

Maurice hesitated; but there was no prevarication handy.

"If you ask the question, it is so. However, I suppose it is all the same."

"All the same?—yes," Lord Rockminster said, slowly; "with only this difference, that before he owed me the money, and now he owes it to you. I don't see any necessity for that arrangement. I haven't asked him for it; I shan't ask him for it until he is quite ready and able to pay: why, therefore, should he borrow from you? Take back your cheque, Mr. Mangan; I understand what you were willing to do for your friend; I assure you it is quite uncalled for."

But Maurice refused. He explained all the circumstances of the case—Lionel's feverish condition, his fretting about the debt, the necessity for keeping his mind pacified, and so on; and at last Lord Rockminster said—

"Very well; you can tell him you have given me the cheque. At the same time you can't compel me to pay it into my bankers; and I don't see why I should take £300 of your money when you don't owe me any. When Mr. Moore gets perfectly well again, you can tell him he still owes me £300—and he can take his own time about paying it." And with that Maurice took his leave, Lord Rockminster going down the stair with him and out to the hall-door, where he bade him good-bye.

When he returned to Piccadilly, he said to the nurse—

"I suppose you can sleep at a moment's notice?"

"Pretty well, sir," she answered, with a demure professional smile.

"Then you'd better find out this room that Mrs. Jenkins has got for you, and lie down for a few hours. I shan't be leaving until after midnight—perhaps one or two o'clock. Then, when I go, you can have this sofa here; and I shall be back early in the morning, to give you another rest."

"Thank you, sir."

He went into the adjoining room.

"Headache any better, Linn, my boy?" he asked, stooping over the bed.

There was no answer for a second or two: then the eyes were opened, showing a drowsy, pained expression.

"Did you see him, Maurice?"

"Oh, yes, that's all settled," Mangan said, cheerfully. "I can't say there is much of the grasping creditor about your friend. I could hardly persuade him to take the cheque at all—after I had hunted him from place to place. What made you so desperately punctilious, Linn? You don't imagine he would have talked about it to any women-folk, even supposing you had not paid up? Is that it? No, no, you can't imagine he would do anything of that kind: I should call him a thoroughly good fellow, if one might be so familiar with our betters. However, I don't want you to say anything; you mustn't speak; I'm going to talk to you." He drew in a chair to the bedside, and sat down. "Now I wish you to understand. You've got a mortal bad cold, which may develop into a fever; and you have a slightly congested throat; altogether you must consider yourself an invalid, old man; and it may be some time before you can get back to the theatre. Now the first thing for you is peace of mind; you're not to worry about anything; you've got to dismiss every possible care and vexation."

"It's all you know, Maurice," the sick man said, with a wearied sigh.

"Oh, I know more than you think. We'll just take one thing at a time. About this £1,000/., for example. You are aware I am not, strictly speaking, a Cæsar, yet I have made my little economies, and they are tied up in one or two fairly safe things. Well, now—Oh, be quiet, Linn, and let me have it out! Something happened to me yesterday that more than ever convinced me of the worthlessness of riches. You know the coppice that goes up from Winstead Station. At the further end there is a gate. At that gate yesterday I heard a dozen words—twenty or thirty, perhaps—that were of more value to me than Pætolus in full flood or all the money heaped up in Aladdin's cave. And now I am so puffed up with joy and pride that I am going still further to despise my wealth—my hoards and vast accumulations; and on Monday, if I can, I am going to get you that £1,000/., just as sure as ever was—"

"Maurice—you have to think of Francie," Lionel said, in his husky low voice. And here Mangan paused for a second or two.

"Well," said he, more thoughtfully, "what happened yesterday certainly involves responsibilities; but these haven't been assumed yet; and the nearest duty is the one to be considered. I don't know whether I shall tell Francie; I may, or I may not; but I am certain that if I do she will approve—certain as that I am alive."

"I won't rob Francie," said Lionel, with a little moan of weariness or pain.

"You can't rob her of what she hasn't got," Mangan said, promptly. "I know this, that if Francie knew you were in these straits, and worrying about it, she would instantly come up and offer you her own little money—which is not a very large fortune, as I understand: and I also know that you would refuse it."

"A dose of prussic acid first," Lionel murmured, to himself.

"Prussic acid!—Bosh!" said Maurice. "What is the use of talking rubbish! Well, I'm not going to let you talk at all. I'm going to read you the news out of the evening papers, until you go to sleep."

When Dr. Ballardyce called next morning, he found that the fever had gained apace; all the symptoms were aggravated—the temperature, in especial, had seriously increased. The sick man lay drowsily indifferent, now and again moaning slightly; but sometimes he would waken up, and then there was a curiously anxious

and restless look in his eyes. The nurse said she was afraid he had not been asleep at all, though occasionally he had appeared to be asleep. When the doctor left again, she was sent to bed, and Maurice Mangan took her place in the sitting-room.

That was an extraordinary Sunday, long to be remembered. Anything more hopelessly dismal than the outlook from those Piccadilly windows it was impossible to imagine. The gale of Friday had blown itself out in rain; and that had been followed by stagnant weather and a continuous drizzle; so that the trees in the Green Park opposite looked like black phantoms in the vague grey mist; while everything seemed wet and clammy and cold. Maurice paced up and down the room, his feet shod in noiseless slippers; or he gazed out on that melancholy spectacle until he thought of suicide; or again he would go into the adjoining apartment, to see how his friend was getting on, or whether he wanted anything. But as the day wore on, matters became a little brisker; for there were numerous callers, and some of them waited to have a special message sent down to them; while others, knowing Mangan, and learning that he was in charge of the invalid, came up to have a word with himself. Baskets of flowers began to arrive, too; and these, of course, must have come from private conservatories. No one was allowed to enter the sick-room; but Maurice carried thither the news of all this kindly remembrance and sympathy, as something that might be grateful to his patient.

"You've got a tremendous number of friends, Linn, and no mistake," he said. "Many a great statesman or poet might envy you."

"I suppose it is in the papers?" Lionel asked, without raising his head.

"In one or two of the late editions last evening, and in most of to-day's papers; but to-morrow it will be all over the country—I have had several London correspondents here this afternoon."

"All over the country?" Lionel repeated, absently; and then he lay still for a second or two. "No use—no use!" he moaned in so low a voice that Mangan could hardly hear. And then again he looked up wearily.

"Come here, Maurice. I want to—ask you something. If—if I were to die—do you think—they would put it in any of the papers abroad?"

"Nonsense—what are you talking about!" Maurice exclaimed, in a simulated anger. "Talking of dying—because you've got a feverish cold: that's not like you, Linn! You're not going to frighten your people when they come up from Winstead, by talking like that?"

"Don't let them come up," was all he said; and shut his eyes again.

Among the callers that afternoon who, learning that Mr. Mangan was upstairs, came personally to make enquiries, was Miss Burgoyne, who was accompanied by her brother.

"What is the matter?" she said, briefly, to Maurice. "One never can trust what is in the newspapers."

He told her.

"Serious?"

"That depends," he said, in a low voice, as they stood together at the window. "I hope not. But I suppose the fever will have to run its course."

"It will be some time before he can be back at the theatre?"

"It will be a very long time. There is some slight congestion of the throat as well. When he pulls through with the fever, he will most likely be sent abroad, for rest to his throat."

She considered for a second or two; then she said, with a matter-of-fact air—

"They needn't make a fuss about that. His throat will be all right. It is only repeated congestions that seriously affect the membrane; and he has been exceptionally lucky—or exceptionally strong, perhaps. Who is his doctor?"

"Dr. Ballardyce."

"Don't know him."

"Then there's Dr. Whitsen."

"Oh, that's all right—he'll do. It's the voice that's the important thing: the general system must take its chance. Well, tell him I'm very sorry. I suppose there's nothing one can send him?"

"Thank you, I don't think there is anything. Look at the flowers and grapes and things there—already—and this is Sunday."

She glanced at those gifts with open disdain.

"Very easy for rich folks to show their sympathy by sending an order to their head-gardener!"

"I will tell him that you called, and left kind messages for him."

"Yes, tell him that. And tell him Doyle does very well—fairly well—though he's as nervous as a pantomime-girl hoisted in a transformation-scene. If I were you," continued this extremely practical young lady, "I wouldn't tell any of the newspaper men that it may be a considerable time before Mr. Moore is back. Nobody likes to lose touch of the public more than he can help, you know; and if they're always expecting you back, that's something. Good-bye!"

Maurice accompanied her down-stairs and to the door; then he returned to the sitting-room, and to his private meditations. For this brief interview had been of the keenest interest to him; he had studied every expression of her face, listened to every intonation of her voice: almost forced, in spite of himself, to admire her magnificent nerve. But now, of course, in recalling all these things, he was thinking of Francie; as a man invariably does when he places the one woman of the world on a pedestal, that all the rest of her sex may be compared with her; and even his extorted admiration of the prima donna's coolness, and self-possession, and business-like tact, did not prevent his rejoicing at the thought that Francie and Miss Burgoyne were poles assunder.

That evening Maurice was startled. He had gone very quietly into the sick-room, just to see how his patient was getting on; and found him breathing heavily, and also restlessly muttering to himself. Perhaps even the slight noise of his entrance had attracted the notice of one abnormally sensitive; at all events, Lionel opened his eyes, which were no longer drowsy but eager and excited, and said—

"Maurice, have you not sent for Nina yet?"

"For Nina?"

"Oh, yes, yes," Lionel went on, as quickly as his labouring breath would allow. "How can I go abroad without saying good-bye to Nina? Tell Jenkins to go down to Sloane Street at once—at once, Maurice—before she leaves for the theatre. I have been waiting for her all day—I heard the people coming up—one after another—but not Nina. And I cannot go without saying good-bye. I want to tell her something. She must make friends with Miss Burgoyne, now she has got into the theatre. Lehmann will give her a better part by-and-bye—oh, yes, I'll see to that for Nina—and I must write to Pandiani, to tell him of her success—"

"Oh, but that's all settled, Linn," his friend broke in, perceiving the situation at once. "Now you just keep quiet; and it will be all perfectly arranged—perfectly. Of course I know you are glad your old friend and companion has got a place in the theatre."

"Yes, she was my friend—she was my friend once," he said, and he looked appealingly to Maurice; "but—but I sometimes think—sometimes it is my head—that there is something wrong. Can you tell me, Maurice? There is something—I don't know what—but it troubles me—I cannot tell what it is. When she was here to-day, she would not speak to me. She came and looked. She stood by the door there. She had on the black dress and the crimson bonnet—but she had forgotten her music—I thought perhaps she

was going down to the theatre—but why wouldn't she speak to me, Maurice?—she did not look angry—she looked like—like—oh, just like Nina—and I could not ask her why she would not say anything my throat was so bad—

"Yes, I know that, Linn," Maurice said, gently, "and that is why you mustn't talk any more now. You must lie still and rest, and that you may take your place in the theatre again—"

"But haven't they told you I am never going to the theatre again?" he said, eagerly. "Oh, no; as soon as I can I am going away abroad—I am going away all over the world—to find some one. You said she was my friend and my good comrade—do you think I could let her be away in some distant place, and all alone—I could not rest in my grave! It may be Malta—or Cairo—or Australia—or San Francisco—but that is what I am set on—I have thought of it so long that—that I think my head has got tired—and my heart a little bit broken, as they say—only I never believed in that; never mind, Maurice, I am going away to find Nina—ah, that will be a surprise some day—a surprise just as when she came last here—into the room—in the black dress and the crimson bonnet—a *cianciosella*, she was going away again!—she was always so proud and easily offended—always the *cianciosella*!"

He turned a little, and moaned, and lay still; and Maurice, finding that his presence would only add to this delirious excitement, was about to slip from the room, when his sick friend called him back.

"Maurice, don't forget this now! When she comes again, you must stand by her at the door there, and tell her not to be frightened: I am not so very ill. Tell Nina not to be frightened. She used not to be frightened. Ask her to remember the afternoons when I had the broken ankle—she and Sabetta Debernardi used to come nearly every day—and Sabetta brought her zither—and Nina and I played dominoes. Maurice, you never heard Nina sing to herself—just to herself, not thinking—and sometimes Sabetta would play a *barcarola*—oh, there was one that Nina used to sing sometimes—*Da la parte de Castelo—ziraremo mio tesoro—mio amor—la passara el Bucintoro—per condur el Dose in mar*—I heard it last night again—but—but all stringed instruments—and the sound of wind and waves—it was so strange and terrible—when I was listening for Nina's voice. I think it was at Capri—along the shores—but it was night-time—and I could not hear Nina because of the wind and the waves. Oh, it was terrible, Maurice—The sea was roaring all round the shores—and it was so black—only I thought if the water was about to come up and drown me, it might— it might take me away somewhere—I don't know where—perhaps to the place where Nina's ship went down, in the dark. Why did she go away, Maurice!—why did she go away from us all!—the poor *cianciosella*!"

These rambling, wearied, broken utterances were suddenly arrested; there was a tapping at the outer door—and Lionel turned frightened, anxious eyes on his friend.

"I'll go and see who it is," Mangan said, quietly. "Meanwhile you must lie perfectly quiet and still, Linn, and be sure that everything will come right."

In the next room, at the open door, he found the reporter of a daily newspaper which was in the habit of devoting a column every Monday morning to music and musicans. He was bidden to enter. He said he wished to have the last authentic news of the condition of the popular young baritone, for of course there would be some talk, especially in "the profession," about Mr. Moore's non-appearance on the preceding night.

"Well," said Maurice, in an undertone, "don't publish anything alarming, you know, for he has friends and relatives who are naturally anxious. The fever has increased somewhat; that is the usual thing; a nervous fever must run its course. And to-night he has been slightly delirious—"

"Oh, delirious?" said the reporter, with a quick look.

"Slightly—slightly—just wandering a little in his feverishness. I wouldn't make much of it. The public don't care for medical details. When the crisis of the fever comes, there will be something more definite to mention."

"If all goes well, when do you expect he will be able to return to the New Theatre?"

"That," said Maurice, remembering Miss Burgoyne's hint, "it is quite impossible to say."

"Thanks," said the reporter. "Good-night!" And therewith Mangan returned to the sick-room.

He found that Lionel had forgotten all about having been startled into silence by the tapping at the outer door. His heated brain was busy with other bewildering possibilities now.

"Maurice—Maurice!" he said, eagerly. "It is near the time—quick, quick!—get me the box—behind the music—on the piano—"

"Look here, Linn," said his friend, with some affectation of sympathy, "you must really calm yourself, and be silent, or I shall have to go and sit in the other room. You are straining your throat every time you speak, and exciting yourself as well."

"Ah, and it is my last chance!" Lionel said, piteously, and with burning eyes. "If you only knew, Maurice, you would not refuse!"

"Well, tell me quietly what you want," Mangan said.

"The box—on the top of the piano," Lionel made answer, in a low voice, but his eyes were tremblingly anxious. "Quick, Maurice!"

Mangan went and without any difficulty found the box that held Nina's trinkets and returned with it.

"Open it!" Lionel said, clearly striving to conceal his excitement. "Yes, yes—put these other things aside—yes, that is it—the two cups—take them separate; it isn't twelve yet, is it? No, no; there will be time; now put them on the table by the window there—yes, that is it—now pour some wine into them—never mind what, Maurice, only be quick!"

Well, he could not refuse this appeal; he thought that most likely the yielding to these incoherent wishes would prove the best means of pacifying the fevered mind; so he went into the next room, and brought back some wine, and half-filled the two tiny glasses.

"Now, wait, Maurice," Lionel said, slowly, and in a still lower voice, though his eyes were afire. "Wait and watch—closely, closely—don't breathe or speak. It is near twelve. Watch. Do not take your eyes off them; and at twelve o'clock, when you see one of the cups move, then you must seize it—seize it, and seize Nina's hand!—and hold her fast! Oh, I can tell you she will not leave us any more—not when I have spoken to her and told her how cruel it was of her to go away. I do not know where she is now; but at twelve, all of a sudden, there will be a kind of trembling of the air—that is Nina—for she has been here before: how long to twelve now, Maurice?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, it is a long time till twelve yet," his friend said. "I think, if I were you, I would try to sleep for an hour or two; and I'll go into the other room so as not to disturb you."

"No, no, Maurice," Lionel said, with panting vehemence. "You must not stir! It is quite near, I tell you—it is close on twelve—watch the cups, Maurice, and be ready to spring up and seize her hand and hold her fast. Quite near twelve . . . surely I hear something . . . is it something outside the window . . . like stringed instruments . . . and waves, dark waves . . . no, no! Maurice, Maurice! it is in the next room!—it is some one sobbing!—it is Nina!—Nina!"

He uttered a loud shriek, and struggled wildly to raise himself; but Maurice, with gentle pressure and persuasive words, got him to lie still.

"It is past twelve now, Linn; and you see there has been nothing. We must wait; and some day we will find out all about Nina for you. Of course you would like to know about your old companion. Oh, we'll find her, rest assured!"

Lionel had turned away, and was lying moaning and muttering to himself. The only phrase his companion could make out was something about "a wide, wide sea . . . and all dark."

But Maurice, finding him now comparatively quiet, stealthily put back the various trinkets into the box and carried it into the other room. And then, hearing no further sound, he remained there—remained until the nurse came down to take his place.

He told her what had occurred; but she was familiar with these things; and doubtless knew much better than himself how to deal with such emergencies. At the street-door he paused to light his pipe—his first smoke that day, and surely well-earned. Then he went away through the dark thoroughfares down to Westminster, not without much pity and sadness in his mind, also perhaps with some curious speculations—as to the lot of poor luckless mortals, their errors and redeeming virtues, and the vagrant and cruel buffetings of fate.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

THE ideal portrait of the children's popular benefactors, Father Christmas and Santa Claus, is almost identical on both sides of the Atlantic. So English youngsters will be as ready as their American contemporaries to follow Santa Claus through the pages of "Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race" (Sampson Low), watching the jovial fur-clad figure as he prepares his gifts in Toyland, or waits on the chimney-top till prying childish eyes are shut fast, and then, his work done, speeds home to the North Pole in his reindeer sleigh. Mr. Nast's drawings breathe the regular traditional Christmas spirit of fun and jollity.—The development of juvenile Christmas books within the last sixty years could not be better illustrated than by the modest little collection of carols, "The Christmas-Box" (Field and Tuer), the earliest pioneer of this type of literature, as the Rev. S. G. Green reminds us in his historical preface. Moreover, this was the first book published by the Religious Tract Society, which previously had issued only tracts, magazines, and pamphlets. The present reproduction is most interesting, if its prim, old-fashioned woodcuts are involuntarily ludicrous to our latter-day eyes. Modern children, surfeited with handsome books, can have no idea how such a volume must have been prized by the young public of 1825. They will no doubt turn in preference to the comic outline sketches of a ragged urchin's success with rod and gun, "A Shooting Adventure" and "A Fishing Adventure" (Morrison), by Talberg. Another illustrated work appeals to elder readers, "Those Were the Days" (Dean), wherein Mr. Tom Kelly's graceful drawings are superior to his wife's mild verses lamenting the happy time of youth. Mr. Kelly is weak in portraiture, but his flowers and fruit are charmingly grouped, while there are some pretty water-scenes.—Speaking of poetry, a miscellaneous assemblage of poetic gems is gathered from all nations by J. W. Mollett as "Night and Morning" (Gilbert and Rivington). Mr. Mollett translates the extracts into fair English verse, and produces a dainty little pocket volume.

Ghost-stories are seasonable for the coming holidays, and Sir J. C. Robinson's "The Dead Sailor" (Kegan Paul) provides a supply of thoroughly "creepy" mysteries, which remain mysteries to the end, instead of being cleared up in cruelly prosaic fashion. Just the thing to read aloud, like, also, Mrs. J. A. Owen's pleasant memories of a wandering life in Australia, America, and old-world nooks in Germany, "After Shipwreck" (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company). The authoress gives a specially graphic description of the overland journey from San Francisco to the Eastern States, when the railway was first opened.—America is the scene of two rousing stories for boys. "Raymi" (Henry), by Clive Holland, is devoted to buccaneering exploits and the perils of two youthful lovers in the land of the Incas, whose adventures deserved better illustrations.—Though less romantic, the picture of the Californian diggings in their earliest times, "The Golden Days of '49" (Allen), is more genuinely interesting, for Kirk Munroe writes with the ease of an eye-witness, and there seems a good deal of fact mingled with the fiction.—This same mixture leavens a brace of books for girls, both depicting the religious struggles of the Protestant Reformers. Mrs. M. Clerke Melville draws the trials of the Kirk under James VI. forcibly enough in "The Lost Ring" (Nelson), but her historical personages are rather dry bones, lacking the vividness of Luther and his companions in that old friend "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" (Nelson), now brought out in a fresh handsome dress.—A clerical reformer of modern days is the hero of "A Lonely Life" (Houlston), by the author of "Wise as a Serpent," an episode of mistaken self-sacrifice, certain to win the hearts of young Church-workers. The fascinating rector, however, could hardly have fallen in love with such an Evelyn as the artist unkindly portrays.—A happier end crowns the love-story of yet another heroic clergyman, told by Mrs. Marshall in "The Line of Beauty" (*Home Words Office*).—After these somewhat high-strung tales, it is refreshing to turn to an author who is always fresh and original. Mr. Frank Stockton's description of a country boy and girl earning the money to keep an old negro woman out of the poor-house, "What Might Have Been Expected" (Allen), is a delightful story for young people, and quite out of the ordinary track.—Miss Edna Lyall is a new recruit among writers for children, but "Their Happiest Christmas" (Chambers) shows what good work she can do in a fresh line, and also provides a taking plea for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.—Of course all children expect to go to "Barnum's" in the holidays, so they may get an idea of the wonders awaiting them from the gorgeous pictures of "Barnum's Show" (Routledge).—When they come home, they will probably be stage-struck and eager to act one of the capital "Plays for Young Actors" (Dean), by Miss Whynates, who has now published a third series of her useful pieces for home theatricals.

Teachers looking for Sunday School prizes should get the new edition of "Hold Fast Your Sundays" (*Home Words Office*), by the author of "Deepdale Vicarage," which would be admirable for lads entering life, with its simple story teaching the duty and value of Sunday rest. For the teachers themselves the Church of England Sunday School Institute provides some excellent practical outlines of Scripture lessons for their class, "Faith and Duty," by the Rev. T. Turner, adapted specially to each Sunday of the Christian year, besides "Lessons on Bible and Prayer-Book Teachings," which are now following out a three years' course. Some addresses to parents, teachers, and scholars will also be found useful, while the annual volumes of "The Church-Worker," the "Church of England Sunday-School Magazine," and "The Boys' and Girls' Companion" (same publishers), should be added to the Parish Library.—The infants' class may be taught simple Bible truths from "Rays from the Morning Star" (Sunday School Union), which is accompanied by coloured pictures of a somewhat low artistic standard.



THE SEASON has become very unsettled, and the changes from frost to thaw and back again have reduced the roads to a very rotten condition. The fields are in a more healthy state, for the autumn-sown grain got a good start in November, and has now a really vigorous hold of the ground. This year Christmas comes with a waxing moon, of which the old chroniclers say, "It betideth a very good year, and the nearer it cometh to the new moon the better shall that year be. If it cometh when the moon decreaseth, it shall be a hard year; and the nearer the latter end it cometh, the worse and harder shall the year be." Now next new moon is at 12.52 on the 22nd, and it will therefore be a test of good eyesight to see the moon at all on Christmas Day. Yet it will be waxing, and very near the new moon, so that this old saying is of lucky omen for 1890.

THE SHORTEST DAY is usually identified with the Festival of St. Thomas, or the 21st of December. But this day anciently fell at the commencement of our January, and the oldest form of the proverb is, "Lucy Light, the shortest day and the longest night." St. Lucy is venerated on the 13th of December, N.S., or the 25th of December, O.S. Now the Calendar tells us that on the 21st of December the sun rises two minutes earlier than on the 25th, but sets two minutes earlier also: the days, therefore, are of equal length. The 20th is a day of one minute more duration than the 21st; and the really shortest day appears to be the 24th, when the sun rises two minutes later than on the 21st, and sets only one minute later. The 26th is one minute later than Christmas Day in the hour of sunset. Sunrise is as late as 8.9 on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st December, and sunset as early as 3.49 from the 7th to the 18th inclusive. During the present month the planet Neptune—not often easy of observation—can be well observed.

THE ABERDEEN ANGUS CLUB.—This association of breeders and admirers of Aberdeen Angus cattle has become with the great progress made in the breed an influential as well as a very useful Society. At the annual dinner last Saturday Mr. George Wilken, of Forbes, presided, and before the festive character of the evening was allowed its due predominance the same gentleman read a very interesting paper on Cross-Bred Cattle. Many facts and considerations worthy of farmers' attention were embodied in it, and all breeders of cattle into which the Aberdeen Angus strain enters should peruse the paper, which appears in *extenso* in to-day's *Farming World*. The Club, after listening to this paper, proceeded to discuss the stamping-out of pleuro-pneumonia, the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Clement Stephenson, and others urging the importance of having the disease dealt with by one central authority, with compensation for slaughtered animals paid from national funds.

FLAX has dwindled in favour year by year, until only 2,500 acres in England are devoted to growing it: about the same quantity as was once grown by the single county of Kent. Only three counties—Yorkshire, Lincoln, and Somerset—run into hundreds of acres, and Yorkshire tops the list with just one thousand. It is therefore very interesting, as well as a little curious, to find that eminently practical agriculturist, Mr. R. Stratton, recommending farmers to increase their cultivation of the historic *Linum*. Mr. Stratton finds that he can sell English seed for 64s. per quarter (which, in fact, is its present price at Mark Lane), and the straw at 90s. per ton, and, taking these figures as a basis, he has no doubt that it yields more profit than wheat. The little damage which it takes from rain is certainly no small advantage in our variable, not to say treacherous, climate. But the late Mr. Macculloch used always to speak of flax as "a very severe crop," by which he meant that it was very exhausting to the land.

GREAT COMPLAINTS are heard as to the cruel disappointment of potato growers, who have a very fine crop which they find all but unsaleable. No extraordinary plethora of imports exists or is threatened, yet 30s. a ton is all that farmers can get on the farm even for fine good roots or tubers. If they deliver at the great cities they get about 40s., but even this price is less than a farthing per lb. for good and nourishing food. The prices charged at restaurants are usually 2d. for three potatoes, a profit of several hundred per cent. At greengrocers' shops 1d. and 1½d. per lb. is asked, being a four to six fold profit to the middleman. It is surprising that farmers do not succeed in establishing *bona fide* shops for the sale of such produce, but the credit system has so eaten into the life of the poor that no cheapness seems to make a strictly cash trade pay.

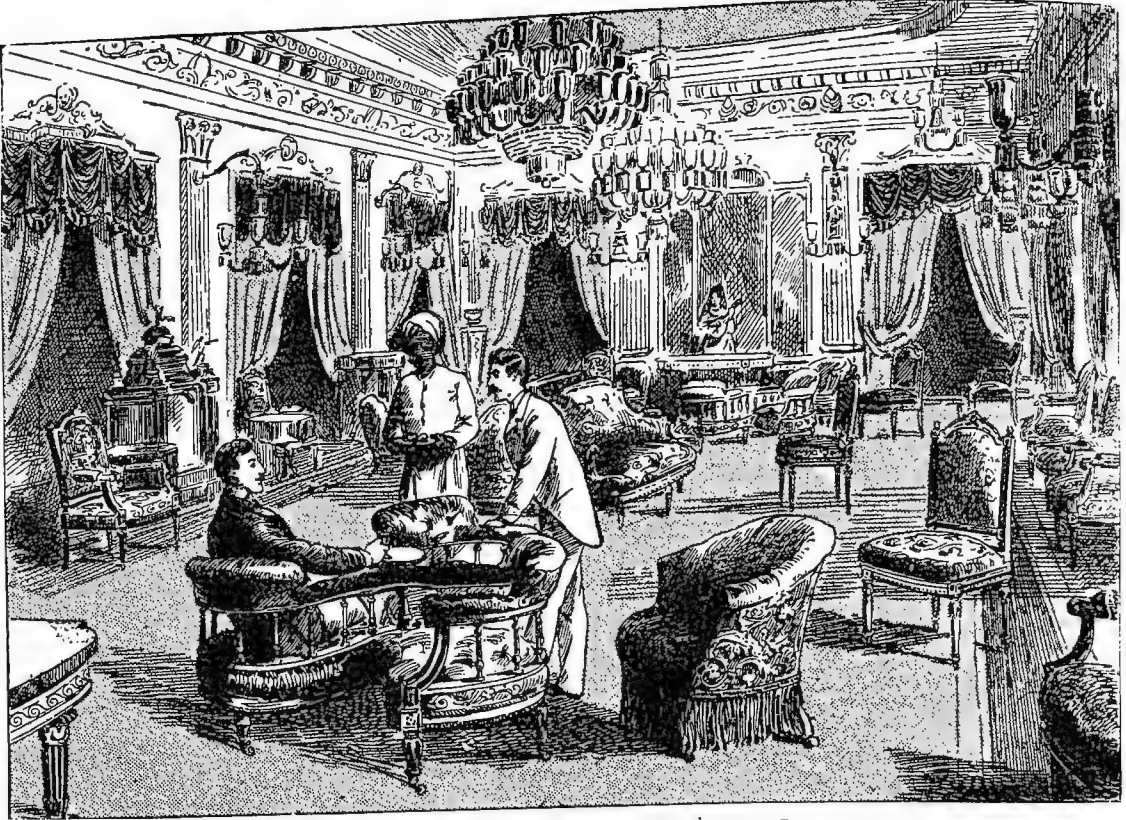
WHY SHOULD NOT FARMERS GIVE CREDIT? is the comment which will occur to most people. But giving credit only pays where the customers are personally known by local repute, if not by sight and conversation. A small shopkeeper who is sharp in knowing and finding out all about his poorer neighbours and customers will make but 10 per cent. of bad debts, while a new-comer will make 50 per cent., and be ruined. The matter seems to admit of no solution, so long as transactions in commodities admit of legal proceedings for the recovery of value after delivery. This is the position which the domination of the middleman is driving us to; that we shall have little alternative between a Socialistic system of the State supplying food at cost price, and a legal treatment of credit as betting is now treated, viz., as a debt which is not recoverable in a court of law. Increased prosperity among the working classes means more food eaten, but it does not lead to cash instead of credit payments.

OATS seem to be paying better than usual this season. The London average is 18s. 8d. against 17s. 2d. last December, while the price as averaged from 187 markets is 17s. 6d. against 16s. 10d. last year. Sales at these markets have been greatly stimulated by this slight advance, and amount to 200,000 quarters, or about double the usual sales in the time. In Scotland, up to 22s. is made, and, although farmers are not contented with the prices at the Fife and Forfar markets, the mean value of oats in Scotland is probably rather higher than in England.

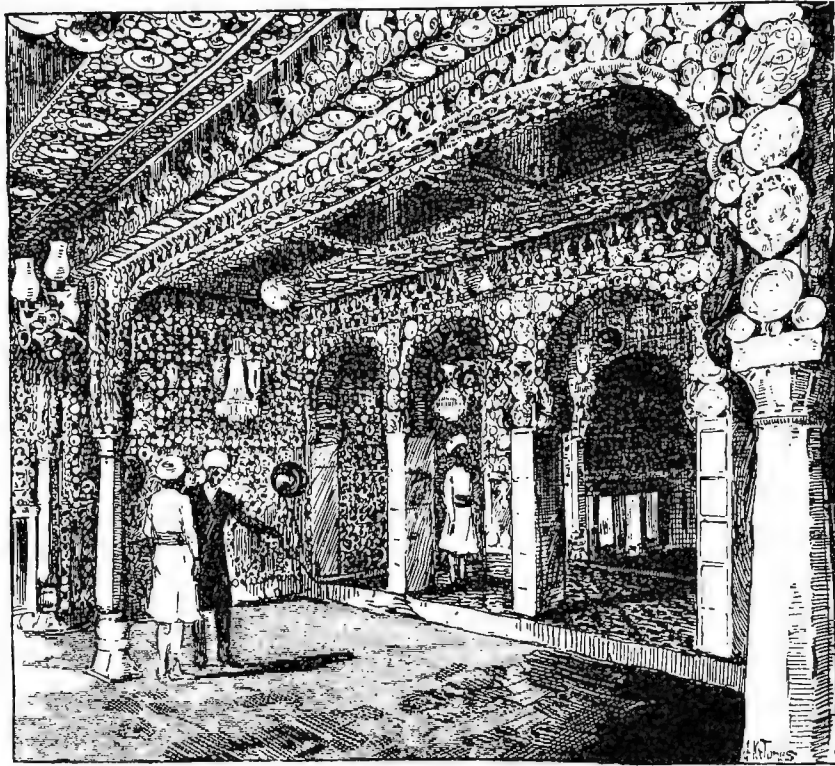
MARKETS for fat live stock are always brisk at this time of the year, and the grumbles of breeders are only comparative, except of course in cases where the feeding has been unusually costly, not to say extravagant. Sheep are in very good demand, and although the "Christmas beef" does not lose in favour, there seems to be a steady increase in the inquiry for good mutton. Store cattle have fallen in price during the autumn; this will enable farmers to buy for fattening with a fair chance of profit, especially as roots are plentiful and feeding-stuffs cheap. The horse market is both busy and dear. Young, heavy, powerful animals are in keen demand, and high prices are paid for dray-horses. Even aged horses are easier of sale than they used to be. The demand for game is not brisk; this is a market which grows vastly by very cold weather when pork also, a very fattening and heating food, becomes in great request. The supply of pheasants is large, and their price at the poulterers is very moderate. So too with partridges. Turkeys make about 7½d. per lb., and the demand is good; while the inquiry for geese and ducks is also satisfactory to the farmer.



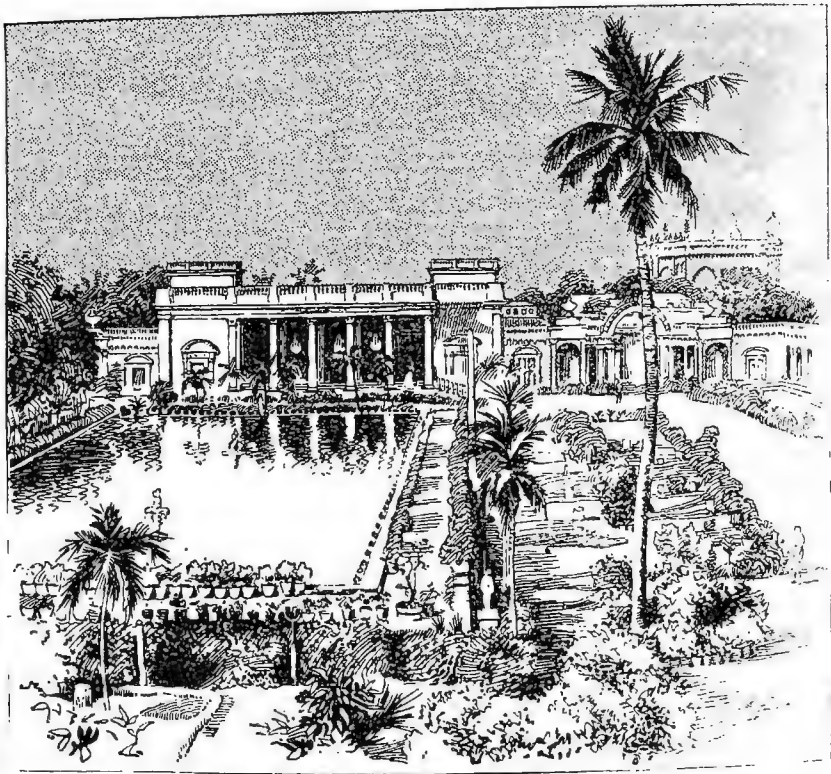
HIS HIGHNESS THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD



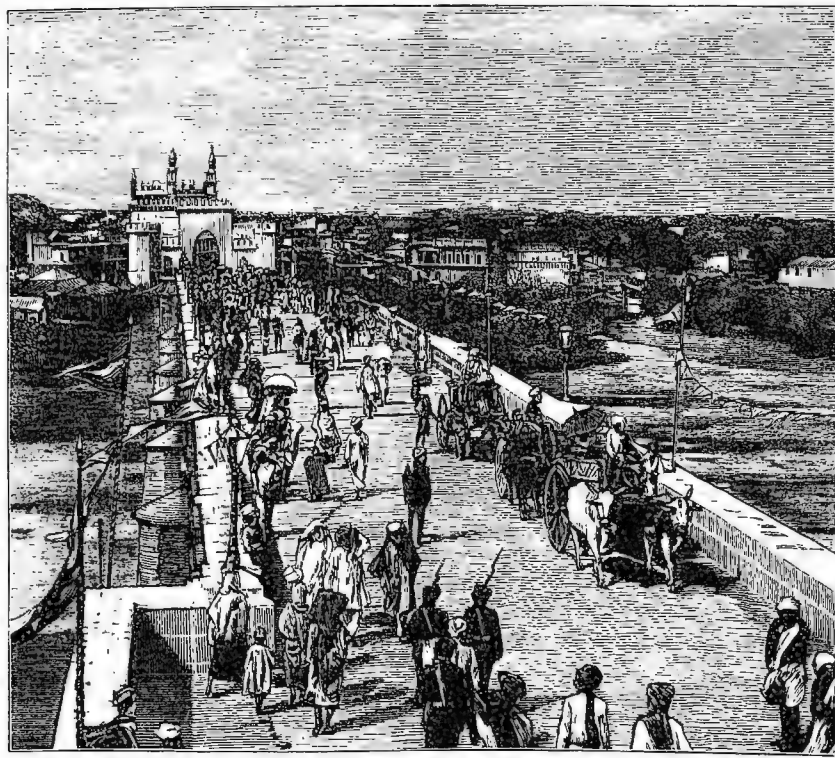
THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE NIZAM'S PALACE



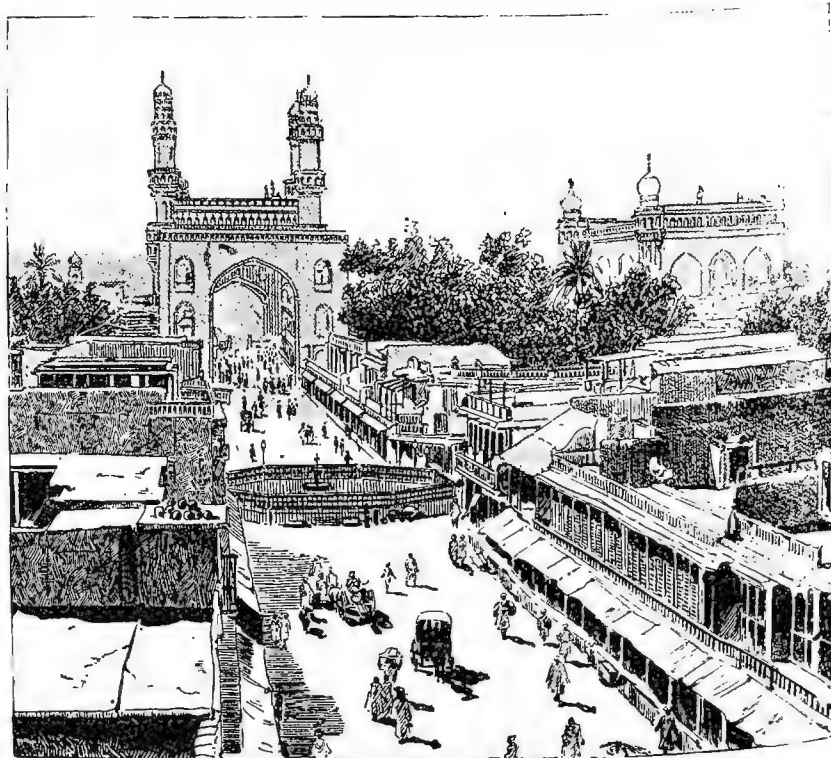
CHINI KHUNA (CHINA-ROOM) AT SIR SALAR JUNG'S PALACE



DURBAR HALL—THE NIZAM'S PALACE



AFZUL GUNJ BRIDGE
PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT HYDERABAD, INDIA



STREET VIEW AND CHAR MINAR, HYDERABAD



A. F. WILLIAMSON
Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police
Born in 1814. Died December 9, 1889



JOHN CAMERON MACDONALD
Late Manager of the *Times*
Born in June, 1822. Died December 10th, 1889



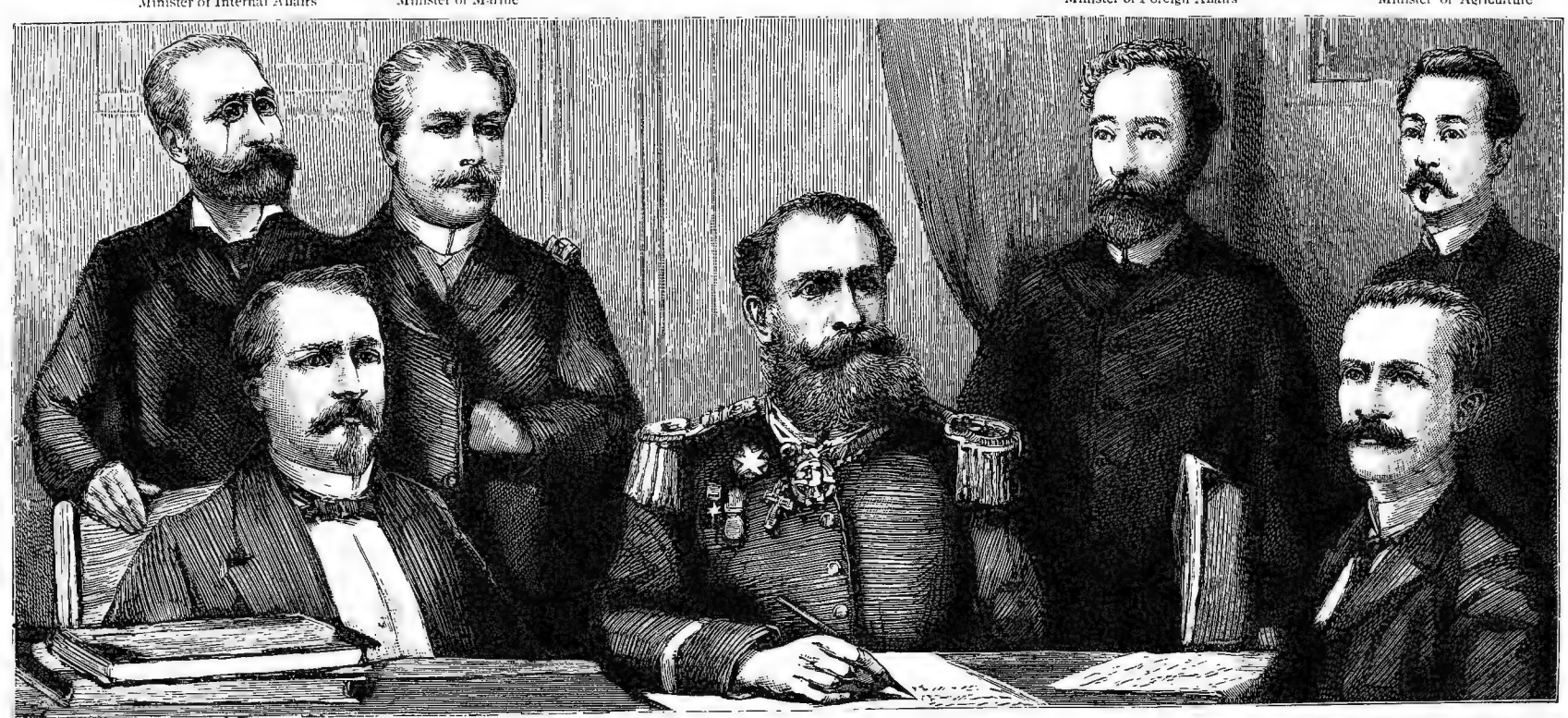
COLONEL BEN WILLIAMS, C.B.
Born in 1836. Died November 27, 1889

Dr. Aristides Lobo,
Minister of Internal Affairs

Eduardo Wandenolk,
Minister of Marine

Quintino Bocayuva,
Minister of Foreign Affairs

Dr. Demetrio Ribeiro,
Minister of Agriculture

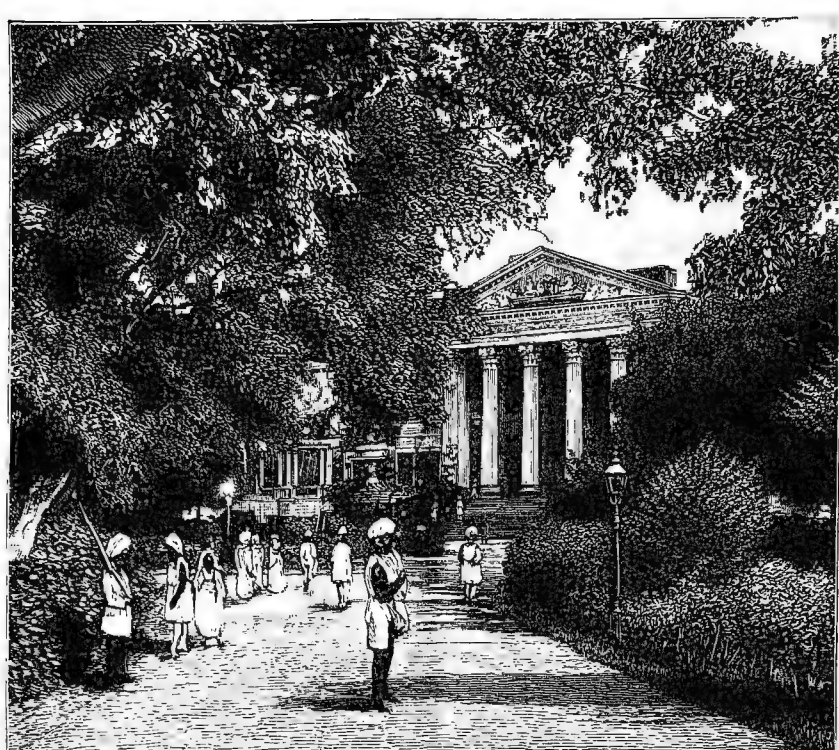


Lieut.-Col. Benjamin Constant, Minister of War

Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, President of the Republic

Dr. Ruy Barbosa, Minister of Finance

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL—A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE NEW MINISTRY



THE RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD



H.H. THE NIZAM WATCHING THE SHOOTING AT SARUR NAGAR

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT HYDERABAD, INDIA

OUR CHRISTMAS CHEER

It is a happy circumstance that on the day of our great Christian festival nearly every English family is able to dine, either by the fruit of their own industry or from aid given by wealthy sympathisers. During the holiday season "the national larder," if such a term may be used, is filled to repletion with the finest food substances the country produces, whilst dainties and delicacies of many kinds from contributing foreigners are never wanting. Bills of fare are therefore easy to compose—"fish, flesh, and fowl" of varied sorts, as well as a great choice of fruits and vegetables, being at the command of all on hospitable thoughts intent. "Whets" of caviare or oysters as well as other "appetite provokers" can be displayed on the side tables, and soups of different hues and flavours can be confectioned to order, potages of crayfish or mulligatawny can be prepared in the home kitchen, whilst turtle can be commanded from Ring and Brymer's, or some other dealers in that aldermanic compound. The commoner soups which can be served during the holiday time are far too numerous to mention, but in Scotland hare soup, the "rich and ruddy compound" of Mistress Margaret Dods of the Cleikum Inn, is much esteemed at the New Year time. The holiday soup must, of course, depend very much on what is to follow, although it has to be confessed that even at dinners of the period, the devising of which are the work of an artist, the complexion of the soup is not so much studied as it used to be—thus we see a potage of oysters, or other colourless soup, no matter what may be presumed to follow.

At the present time no guest is permitted to see any of the "big meats" prepared for the dinner as in the days of old, when dinners *à la Russe* had not been invented; no great dish, containing a large turbot or two-thirds of a twenty-pound codfish, is nowadays borne by the footman to a place on the table, fish and joint alike being carved at a sideboard, "helpings" being offered to the guests by those in attendance. Over twenty of our finest table fishes are in season on Christmas Day, among others the two named, codfish and turbot, which are always in demand—the one being usually served with oyster, and the other with lobster sauce. Salmon caught in the streams of some foreign land may also grace the board of the hospitable Christmas time if desired, whilst on occasion, the not impossible feat of bringing a sterlet from the dominions of the Czar has been accomplished. In some years fish are costly during the holiday season: on a stormy December day the price of a turbot on the Pontoon at Great Grimsby has been as much as a couple of sovereigns. The charge which may be made for such a fish in a West End fishmonger's who can determine? Codfish, too, are at times rather costly, but as supplies are kept alive at Great Grimsby in floating cages, prices do not rule quite so high as in the case of the turbot.

No catalogue of the *entrées* which could be served at a Christmas dinner need be offered here; the cookery manuals of the time contain a hundred recipes for such piquant preparations, and these can be liberally drawn upon; nor is it necessary to recommend that it is better to bake than to boil the York ham, or that the turkey should be braised instead of roasted. These are items of culinary knowledge which in recent years have been well disseminated. *Apropos*, however, to the bird of Christmas, the turkey when boiled is not spoiled—that is, if it be properly boiled; on the contrary, it is excellent, especially when served with celery sauce. When well done it ought to prove tender, and of delicate flavour; when eaten with a portion of the baked ham it should command the praise of all who partake of it.

No person requires to be told that the turkey is *par excellence* the bird of Christmas; as the late Mr. Hayward was wont to say, "in the holiday season turkeys are trumps." It is not perhaps too much to affirm that throughout the length and breadth of Merry England on its great annual festival more than 200,000 of these birds will be sent to table. In three only of our English counties 100,000 turkeys are always to be found, and in the remaining shires three times the number may, in all probability, be seen in process of being fed for the markets. A glance at the poultry-shops during the latter days of December will serve to show how really great the supply is; and as regards the prices of the birds, they can be obtained at many different figures, ranging from five shillings perhaps to ten times the sum.

Another popular Christmas bird is the goose, of which within the United Kingdom several millions are annually fed and fattened; but for the tables of the wealthy on Christmas Day there are fowls of a finer feather, which are more attractive—notably the pheasant—and than the bird of Colchis no finer fowl, in the opinion of some good judges, ever comes to table when properly cooked; and now it is happily becoming a custom to send the bird to the dining-room before it has become putrid. Formerly it was a practice to keep pheasants till decay had set in before placing them on the spit. "Hang up your bird by means of its tail-feathers, and when the body falls from them it may be cooked," was at one time a culinary maxim which no epicure would have dared to dispute; now men of sense, and women, too, take care to have their pheasants brought to table within a week of their being killed, and gourmets have discovered that grouse can be "over-kept," and that partridges are "high" enough for use a few days after they have been brought to the larder. A partridge-pie will be in good season at Christmas-time, and for a week or two later, whilst pheasants may be shot up to the 1st of February; let your pheasant be stuffed with a couple of dozens of oysters if you desire to give your friends what Sir Walter Scott was wont to designate "gastronomic gratification." As regards the cookery of other game-birds and of venison, new ideas prevail, these meats being now served in such fashion as to insure their being grateful to even uncultivated palates.

It would be easy to paraphrase the cookery-books of the period, of which there is now so great a number, and set out a tempting array of the choicest holiday viands, but most of those who give Christmas dinners either themselves know what to place on the table, or have servants who can tell them. One of the old Dukes of Buccleuch used to say to his *chef* at seasons of festivity, "Remember the time of year it is, and provide accordingly;" but at present, when more than ordinary culinary effort is exacted, the seasons are set at defiance, and many delicacies of the table, more especially in the form of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, are brought to our cold country from the warmer climes in which they grow. The quantity of fruit imported every year into this country is enormous, and the supplies are being annually augmented. For our holiday cheer, currants, raisins, and candied-peel are required in literal tons, as nearly every child in the kingdom looks forward to obtaining a liberal slice of plum-pudding on the happy day so long looked forward to, and afterwards so well remembered.

It was said by an economist a few years ago that at Christmas time the stomachs of the population were deranged by over five million pounds weight of plum-pudding! Think of the tens of thousands of eggs and the quantities of fruit necessary for that part of the dinner! "In the week before Christmas," said to us a retailer of eggs, "I usually sell a thousand score, and my trade is not a big one." At modern high-class dinners, whether at Christmas or any other period of the year, the providing of a handsome dessert and a supply of sweets means the expenditure of considerable sums of money. The wines also, it need scarcely be said, add largely to the cost, the very finest vintages being in many cases profusely served. Of champagne the consumption grows apace. Of the quantity exported from France (some eighteen million bottles per annum) five millions reach the United Kingdom, all of which are consumed, in

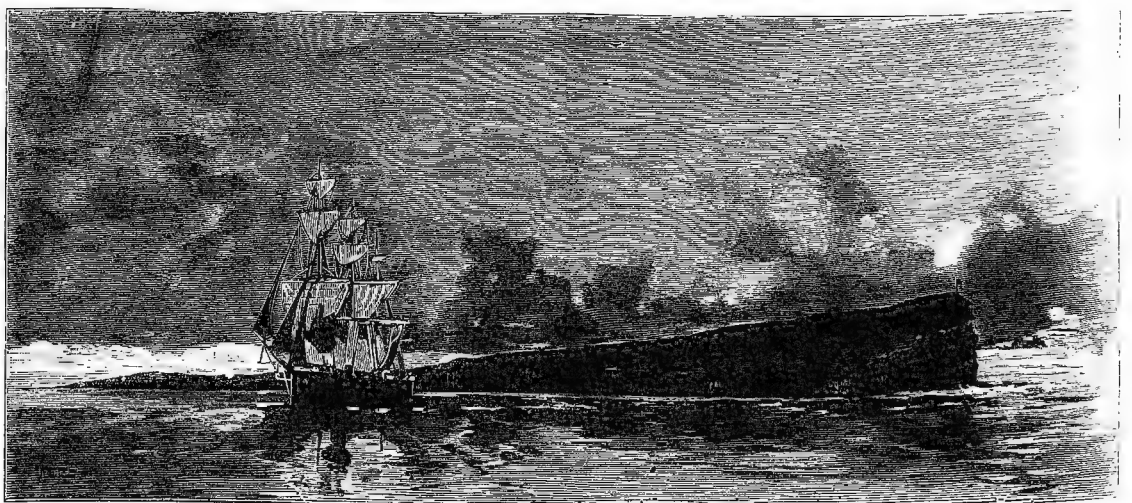
addition to large quantities of other French, German, and Spanish wines. But such wines are for the upper crust of society; it is only men with big bank accounts who can afford to treat their guests to clarets and hocks which cost them from thirty to fifty shillings per bottle! It is "beer" that forms the holiday drink of the vast majority of the English people—beer, of which a countless number of barrels is then consumed. It has been said that during Christmas week there will be eaten by the population of London and the immediately surrounding towns, aided by the strangers within the gates of the Great Metropolis, a bulk of food equal to St. Paul's Cathedral, and that the liquor required to wash down this quantity of meat would fill an area of the length, breadth, and depth of the ornamental sheet of water in St. James's Park!

ELLANGOWAN



MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—A group of useful songs for the drawing-room consists of "One Summer Noon," written and composed by Frank L. Moir, published in three keys; "Little Lord Fauntleroy," one of the latest, but least successful, of the late Michael Watson's compositions; "The Prima Donna," a very showy song; and "On the Zuyder Zee," a quaint and merry ditty, suitable for an *encore*, for both of which Frederic E. Weatherly has supplied the words, and Joseph L. Roeckel the music; "You Sang to Me," a love-song, which will find favour with young men and maidens, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Milton Wellings; and last, but not least, "Thy King," a sacred song, words by Henry Vaughan, music by Paul Rodney.—Little folks will find a fund of amusement in the Kindergarten Series. No. II. is "The Children's Dance Album," for the pianoforte, which contains six easily-arranged specimens of dance music, including "Child's Dreamland Waltz" (G. R. Farror), "Old (Otto) Roeder," "Balmoral Quadrilles" (G. R. Farror), "Old China Polka" (Charles Coote), "Old Guards Lancers (J. Crook), and "The Old Times Coach Gallop" (A. G. Crowe). No. III., "The Children's Sacred Wreath," contains twelve sacred songs, music by Mary Carmichael, who has quite a gift for writing tunes which will catch the ears of little people, and teach them to warble sweetly as soon as they can walk. In the nursery and in the school-room this little album will take an honoured place. The words are by various writers, including Keble's touching poem, "He Ordereth All Things Well;" "Now the Light has Gone Away," by F. R. Havergal; "Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild," by C. Wesley; and "The Love of Christ," by E. Miller.—"Enoch's Dance Album" is one of the best of its school, which appears annually at this season. Amongst its contributors are Otto Roeder, Fred. Godfrey, E. Waldteufel, May Ostlere, and Georges Lamoths.—Mrs. Goodeve's popular song, "Fiddle and I," has been tastefully arranged by Otto Roeder as a vocal waltz, which will be a leading favourite in the ball-room this winter.—By the above-named composer is "Little Gleaners," a very pleasing vocal waltz.—"El Dorado," waltz, by T. Popplewell Rowe, has a Spanish vein running through it, as its name would lead us to expect. The time is well marked.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Although not likely to catch the public taste as did "Love's Golden Dream," two songs, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox, will no doubt prove fairly successful. "Dream Memories" is the more original of the two, but "Sailing Home" will be the more general favourite.—"Love's Story," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Joseph Spaworth, and "Sweethearts" (adapted from the popular waltz "Ma Chérie"), to words by Claxson Bellamy.—In accordance with the custom of the day, Charles Deacon has arranged Lindsay Lennox's song, "Dream Memories" in the form of a very danceable waltz.—Very *à propos* for Christmastide comes a selection from the cantata of *Immanuel*, by W. M. Spark, Mus. Doc. "It came upon the Midnight clear," the grand old Christmas hymn, is arranged as a chorus (S.A.T.B.). The melody is very pleasing. "And He Arose" (tenor recitative) is followed by "Why are Ye so Fearful?" (air bass), "I Delight to Do Thy Will" (quartet or chorus), "And a very Great Multitude" (bass recitative), and "Hosanna to the Son of David" (march to Jerusalem and chorus), "Unto Thee, O Lord" (duet for soprano and tenor, with chorus), "This is the Day Which the Lord hath Made" (trio, soli, or chorus), "Thou art My God"



(recitative, &c.), and "O Give Thanks unto the Lord" (full chorus). This collection is well chosen, and will prove sufficient material for the first half of a concert which combines the sacred and the secular.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"England, Home, and Victory," an English adaptation of the popular song, "Le Père la Victoire," words by G. A. Binnie, music by Louis Ganne, will take well at a smoking concert, but will not create the same *furor* as it did when brought out in Paris (Messrs. B. Mocatta and Co.).—In this advanced age, when juvenile actors and singers are to be met with in almost every schoolroom, there is a great demand for musical plays to meet their requirements. "Red Riding Hood," a Lilliputian opera in two scenes, written by A. André, music by Isidore De Solfa, will be heartily received. The story is quite a new version of the thrilling tragedy which used to bring tears to our youthful eyes, and make us tremble in our beds when the wind howled. Here nobody is killed or eaten; the wolf becomes a reformed character; and the piece ends with a friendly dance of all the *dramatis personæ*. The dialogue is light and spirited; the music is tuneful, and easily learnt by heart (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Dearest," waltz by Mary Roberts, is of a somewhat feeble type;

but the time is fairly well marked (Alp. oise Cary).—"La Comtesse Gavotte," by S. Dodwell, possesses no special feature to distinguish it from scores of its well-worn school (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

IV.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS took with him to the Bench much of that persuasiveness of manner and homeliness of expression which always characterised him at the Bar. It is a lesson in diplomacy as well as in law to hear the learned judge sum up. He is so irresistibly confidential, that any one might think that he was only having a friendly chat with the jury. There is not a suspicion of the dictatorial in his manner. In quiet conversational tones he takes the twelve men before him into his confidence, and more by way of suggestion than by direct assertion makes his points with a nice precision that is delicious, marking them off as it were, one by one, by digging his pencil into the desk before him. It is, we know, commonly said that Sir Henry Hawkins is often tempted into advocacy on the Bench; and it is, perhaps, not to be expected that so astute a lawyer should not see the weakness of a case put before him, and should not at times betray this consciousness. But this said, it must be added that Mr. Justice Hawkins is eminently fair. None but the criminal classes, to whom he is a terror indeed, have a word to say against him.

Sir Henry, then Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., had the refusal of more than one *puisse* judgeship before, in November, 1876, he accepted the seat in the Queen's Bench rendered vacant by the elevation of Mr. Justice Blackburn to the House of Lords as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary by sign manual. He was in a few days transferred to the Court of Exchequer, then presided over by his old friend Sir F. Kelly. As a judge he has added to the fame which he established at the Bar, and that is saying much. His cross-examination of Miss Saurin, in the famous convent case of *Saurin v. Starr*; his heckling of Bageant and Carter, in the first Tichborne trial; and (Sir John Coleridge having been elevated to the Common Pleas) his choice as leader in the prosecution of the "unfortunate nobleman," who afterwards got so thin at Dartmoor; and his success in establishing the will of the late Lord St. Leonards, are some few of the many triumphs of a great career.

We must not forget to add that, as a keen sportsman and consummate judge of horseflesh, Mr. Justice Hawkins has on more than one occasion done useful work in settling racing disputes. A well-known figure on the turf, it was only natural that he should come to the assistance of the Jockey Club in deciding certain difficult points of racing etiquette, which lie outside the pure domain of law, and, if this was not exactly within his province as a Judge, but merely a voluntary personal matter, it was none the less a useful service to society. It is the countenance and support of such men as Sir Henry Hawkins that prevent the racing world from becoming wholly disreputable.

Compensation cases are among the most difficult that ever come on for trial before Courts of Justice. There is always a good deal of hard swearing on both sides. In the case before us the plaintiff's horses had strayed upon the line and been killed by a passing train. We are tempted to think that the plaintiff had a good case, to judge only by his vigorous personality as he appeared in the witness-box. But there is always a good deal of doubt in cases of this kind. The railway companies are usually very ready to raise the defence of "contributory negligence." How did the animals get on to the line? Was the gate left open? Are the fences out of repair? These questions, and the like, have to be threshed out in Court. There is the usual batch of witnesses on both sides, who swear, with a categorical pertinacity which is not a little amusing to the ordinary mind, the direct opposite to one another. It seems hard to believe that they can all be speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But it needs no great experience of a Court of Justice to know that witnesses for the plaintiff and witnesses for the defendant never do agree, even on the evidence of their senses.

A VOLCANIC ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

WHICH suddenly appeared five years ago, is fast crumbling away, and will probably have vanished altogether in a few years. "Falcon Island" is one of the Tonga group, and when produced by a volcanic

eruption measured five miles long by three miles wide. Lately the island has been visited by H.M.S. *Egeria*, and a surveying party, on landing, found that the place had diminished to half its former size. The ground was composed of volcanic cinders, interspersed with sulphurous springs, and often the cinders were so hot that walking was painful, and even dangerous. The surveying party fixed a mark flag on the highest point of the island, about twenty yards from the edge of a cliff, 250 feet above the sea. Soon after they returned on board, they saw a large mass of cliff fall into the sea, producing a column of white vapour, and three days later their flagstaff had fallen, together with the intervening ground between the flag and the sea. The cinders on the island resemble ordinary coke, but run off in liquid form when placed in the fire. Our engraving is from a sketch kindly sent us by a naval officer.

VEUVIUS IS AGAIN ACTIVE, throwing up dense volumes of smoke. Some considerable volcanic action is expected, as slight earthquake shocks occurred at Naples recently, and extended throughout Central Italy. Shocks were also felt in Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.



"A HURRICANE IN PETTICOATS," by Leslie Keith (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), will be remembered by readers of the *Leisure Hour* under the very much more appropriate title of "Great Grandmamma Severn." For the great-grandmamma in question, to whom one must suppose the description to be meant to apply, is very much the reverse of a hurricane. At the age of eighty she still rules and fascinates men and women, kindred and strangers, not by bluster, but by a force of character which resembles rather the cold cruelty of the iceberg than the random passion of the whirlwind. She might have stepped straight from the pages of some old-fashioned French novel, or book of memoirs, with her heathenism, her vivacity, and the selfishness and vanity which have enabled her to retain some of the realities of youth and beauty even at fourscore. Leslie Keith must have imagined her very clearly indeed, and thought her out very thoroughly, in order to present the reader with so vivid and highly-finished a portrait; and has done well, we think, not to injure the effect of the picture by too elaborate a frame. That is to say, the story which Lady Severn influences is adequate for its purpose, but it is to her alone that its interest is due. In short, with the exception of the always intolerable trick of exciting sympathy with a child in order to force pathos out of its death, there is no incident or character in this exceptionally artistic piece of work which one could wish to find otherwise than as it is presented.

Such things are, of course, matters of taste; but to our mind the prolific pen of John Strange Winter has never produced anything approaching, in point of excellence, the story of "Mrs. Bob" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The scene is again laid among the society of the cathedral city of Blankhampton, and re-introduces the reader to various old acquaintances, as well as to new ones; and, while the old have improved in flavour, both new and old reveal a capacity for comedy of a really high order beyond any expectations which their introducer's former stories had hitherto raised. This is not, for once, a military story: and it excites a very strong surmise that its author is infinitely more at home among exceedingly real women than among decidedly young-ladylike soldiers. As the story depends upon a mystery—not that this is meant to be impenetrable even from the outset—we will not anticipate the reader's pleasure in its detection; but attention should justly be called to the humorous sympathy which John Strange Winter knows how to excite with the foibles and stratagems of a match-making mother no less than with the pathetically perfect wifehood of the daughter who was the last to hang upon her hands.

The most striking situation in "A Silver Whistle," by "Naseby" (2 vols.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is an extraordinary trial of a young woman for murder, apparently without any previous inquest or magisterial examination, and with immaterial side issues as to whether she had on some other occasion shot a horse, and on another attempted suicide. After listening for a week to a case which, if managed in the ordinary way, would have ended in the prisoner's acquittal in the course of a few hours, the jury find her guilty in accordance with the direction of an impossibly brutal judge; and hanged she would have been, had not her chief friend and champion galloped up with a reprieve from the Home Office, in the good old style, while the rope was actually round her neck, the telegraph not having been used by reason of a cyclone which, two days before, had blown down the poles. It seems odd that the post-office clerks should not have been able to discover an alternative route, however circuitous, for the message; but not more odd than that the Devonshire Assizes should have been held in a little sea-side town; and not so odd as making "Frater Junius" Latin for a younger brother. The novel, however, is too ambitious to stand upon trifles. It is a treatise at large upon Irish life, politics, and character, based upon the usual assumption that to understand anything about them is beyond any human capacity but the author's. Now, as every Irish novelist is the only person who understands Ireland, and as each differs on almost every point from any other, we would suggest that they meet in council, and, before they further attempt to educate benighted England, agree upon what they shall teach her. The temporary non-production of the Irish novel could well be borne, seeing that it is mostly dull. "Naseby"—who, by the way, takes the landlords' side—is not by any means always dull, especially when he does not attempt to be witty or satirical; and his speculations on the essential unity of the aims and methods of communism and socialism throughout the world are worth more serious consideration than, owing to the exaggerated portraiture by which he illustrates them, it is easy to bestow.

Soap and water are not exactly the articles expected by students of the works of Mr. George Moore. In his "Mike Fletcher" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), however, there is so much of both as to suggest that the author himself must have felt his characters to be in exceptional need of them. But even so, there is not enough to wash away the effect upon any ordinary reader of this biography of a particularly feeble and vulgar Don Juan of the music halls, with a morbid taste for Schopenhauer. That profligacy and pessimism are not unlikely to lead to suicide is, we presume, the platitude to which Mr. Moore would plead guilty by way of excuse for work which clean minds will instinctively avoid, and other tastes will find distasteful.

One scarcely likes, after disposing of Mr. Moore's perpetration, to apply the epithet "vulgar" to "A Life's Remorse," by the author of "Molly Bawn" &c. (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); but applied, we fear, it must be, always remembering that there are degrees in vulgarity, and that "A Life's Remorse" is refinement itself, if one goes by comparison. It is impossible, however, to deny some degree of it to an author who seems to imagine that the stupidest and most pointless of anecdotes must of necessity be funny so long as it is about a pair of trousers. It can only be supposed that the author of "Molly Bawn" is in sympathy with the tailor who was recently snubbed by a County Court judge for disliking to name what he had no dislike to be paid for. It must not be supposed, however, that "A Life's Remorse" is all about trousers; it is also about madness, suicide, and murder, and about people who, we trust, for her sake, are to be credited to the imagination rather than to the experience of the author of "Molly Bawn." Unfortunately, they cannot be said to have been better worth imagining than experiencing.

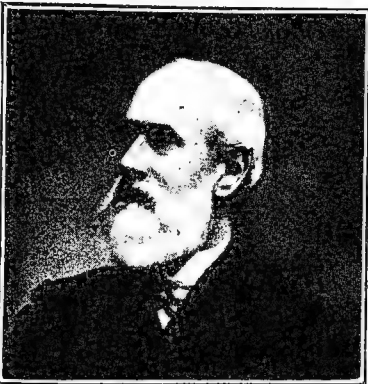
In "The Touch of a Vanished Hand" (Remington), Mr. Francis Arthur produces a dramatic nineteenth-century romance of fate and revenge. Illustrating the proverb that "murder will out," a prosperous millionaire is confronted suddenly by the hidden sin of his youth, which drags him down to ruin and death—his destruction being skillfully brought about by a seeming friend. The scheme of vengeance is well worked out, and Mr. Arthur sustains the interest of his secret to the last, while he draws a forcible character in the reluctant American. The picture is sombre, but decidedly effective.

"The Last Days of Olympus" (Kegan Paul), by C. S. H. Brereton, treads upon more poetic ground, presenting in allegorical form the trials and sufferings of an advocate of Truth and Repentance amid an unbelieving people. The Triton sent to call the Olympian deities to amendment passes through strange regions in

the upper and nether world, the home of Night and Dreams, and the miserable land where the wickel suffer—scenes which are treated with considerable power of description and fanciful imagery. Language and subject are alike above the common level, and thoughtful readers will find much to admire in this "modern myth."

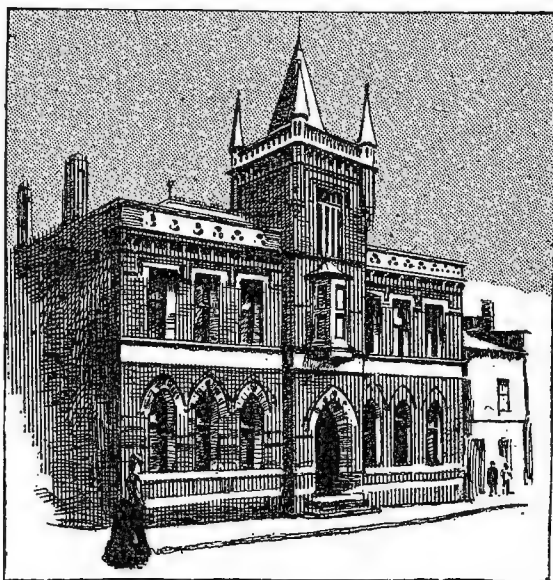
THE RECKITT PUBLIC LIBRARY AT HULL

THIS Library, which was opened on December 10th by the Marquis of Ripon, owes its existence to the liberality of Mr. James Reckitt, J.P., a leading citizen of Hull. It occupies a central and prominent position in Kernan's Square, Hol-



MR. JAMES RECKITT

Room, 50 ft. long by 32 ft. broad, fitted with four newspaper desks, and ten reading tables. The building is also provided with lavatory and other offices, Committee room, store room, &c., and should be a great boon to the inhabitants of Eastern Hull. As soon as the Free Libraries' Act is adopted it will become the property of the Corporation. The architect is Mr. W. Alfred Gilder, F.R.I.B.A., M.S.A., and the contractor Mr. F. Blackburn, both of



THE LIBRARY

Hull. The cost, some 5,000*l.*, has been entirely defrayed by Mr. Reckitt, who has also promised to pay about 500*l.* a year towards the maintenance of the Library. Mr. Reckitt, who resides at Swanland Manor, near Hull, was born at Nottingham in 1833, and educated at the Friends' School, Ackworth, near Pontefract. He is a Director of Reckitt and Sons (Limited), a Governor of the Hull Infirmary, and a Justice for the Peace of the East Riding.—Our engravings are from photographs by Barry, Anlaby Road, Hull.

A NORTH-COUNTRY CENTENARIAN

SINCE the late Mr. W. J. Thom conducted his campaign against so-called centenarians there has been less readiness to accept such cases without very good evidence. There seems to be no doubt, however, that Mrs. Lanchester, of Bildershaw, near Darlington, is well in her 107th year, having been born at Gallow Hill, Yorkshire, on May 29th, "Oak Apple Day," 1783. A healthy old lady she is, too. She no longer rises early, but she performs her own toilet, and, though a little deaf, can see without glasses, her "second



sight" having come to her about eighteen years back. She also talks and walks well, and during the late harvest actually took part in the gleanings. Mrs. Lanchester, who is a widow of forty years' standing, has had several children. Her eldest surviving "child" is eighty years of age, and she has a great-grandson of twenty-five. She cannot "abide" doctors, and has only travelled by train three times in her life.—Our portrait is from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. F. Redmayne, M.A., of Darlington.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

POETRY of an entirely different order, and to be read by any one with pleasure, is Violet Fane's "Autumn Songs" (Chapman and Hall). The vanity of things human is the chord struck in "The Scarab" and "Life's Afternoon," and indeed the note of a thoughtful sadness is very present in this volume of verse, despite the great variety in the headings. A poem of some originality is "The Thistle-Down." Miss Fane imagines a wind-blown thistle-down which floated "aimless over English fields," carried off in some traveller's wrappings, and then finally let loose on a solitary far-off isle. Here it would be self-sown, and she suggests that the new thistle might have vague suggestions coming to it from its past:—

In cool green meadows by its English home.

And so the author has it that the poet:—

Seems to stand apart
And live an inner life, that thrills and teems
With recollections, echoes, images,
Wafted from some far Past he knew not here.

Indeed Miss Fane illustrates very prettily the notion that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;" and otherwise "Autumn Songs" will be found to contain many gracefully-expressed reveries and fancies in harmony with the year's fall.

Lovers of ballad literature will be grateful to Mr. Robert Ford, who edits "Auld Scots Ballads" (Alexander Gardner). The volume contains "a number of rare and curious 'blads' of verse, together with the 'pick and wale' of the more popular of the ancient ballads of Scotland." There are prefatory notes, which the reader will find useful. Moreover, it may be remarked that several ballads are printed here which are not to be found in any previous collection. Mr. Ford lays it to the account of the immense popularity of the Scottish daily and weekly newspapers that the rude old ballad literature has been lost sight of. He has done something to rescue it from popular oblivion by publishing the result of his researches in cheap and handy form.

WITH THE MAIL BAGS

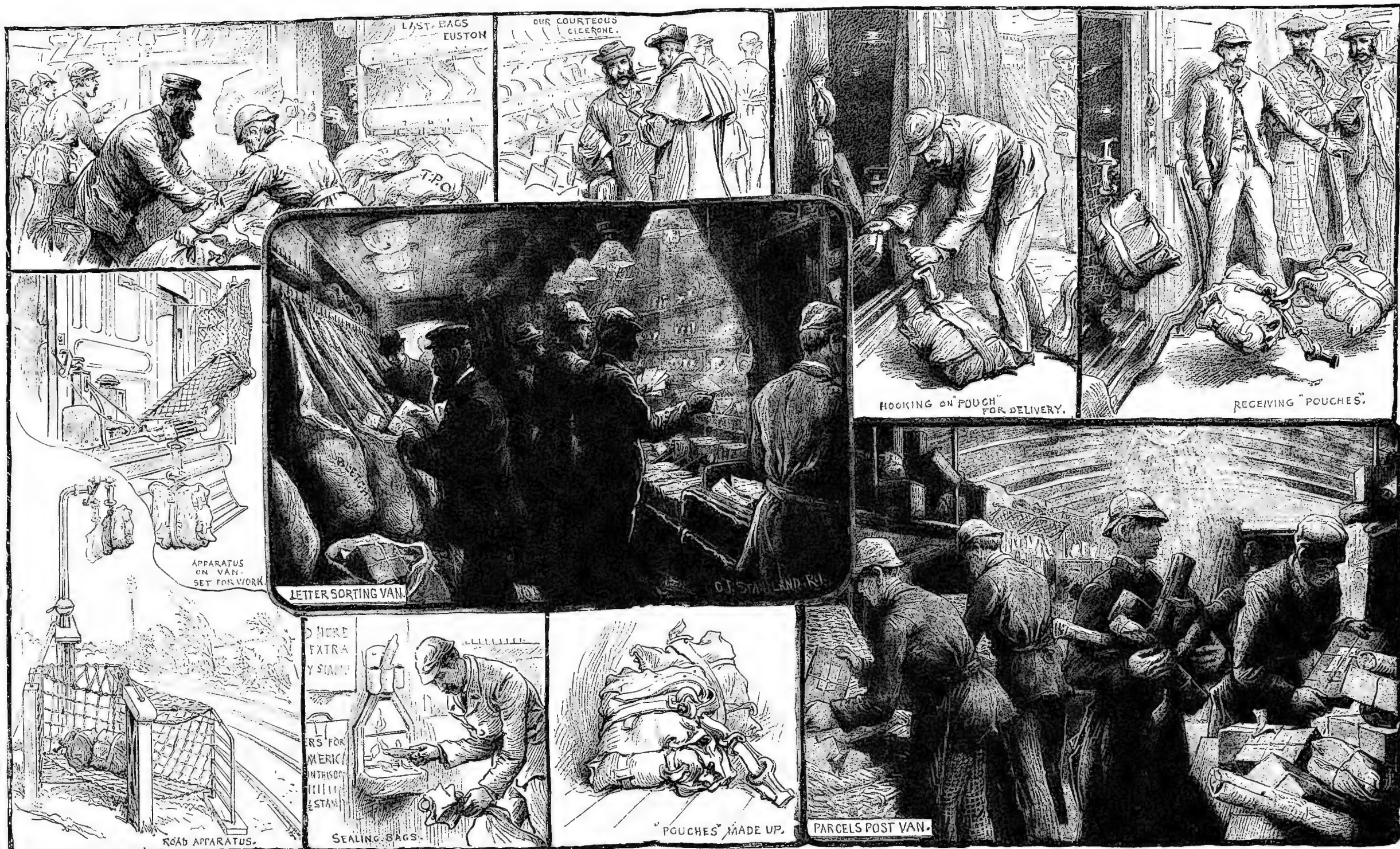
A RUN WITH THE SPECIAL NIGHT MAIL FROM EUSTON

THROUGH the courtesy of the General Post Office, which granted permission to "The Skipper" to travel by the Special Night Mail, supplemented by the kindness of the Manager of the London and North-Western Railway, who furnished a pass, "The S." found himself one fine night at Euston Station at eight o'clock, where he met by appointment Mr. H. Band, the genial Superintendent of the Travelling Post Office carriages. On one side of the platform was drawn up the train, made up as follows:—Next the engine, a Guard's Brake van, used for the Railway Company's Parcels; next (A), Edinburgh Letter and Parcel Carriage; (B), Aberdeen Parcel Carriage, then (C) Aberdeen Letter Carriage (the apparatus between Carlisle and Aberdeen is worked in this carriage); next (D), Glasgow letters (apparatus between Euston and Carlisle is worked in this), and in this "The S." travelled; then (E), Glasgow Letters; (F), Glasgow Parcels. A second Guard's Brake for Company's Parcels, and (G) Company's Parcels, Post Office Bags, and Post Office Baskets, and on the other side of the platform, Post Office Vans, Letter and Parcel, dashing up and disgorging their contents into hand trucks, which again delivered them through the yawning doors of the Postal Carriages. Threading his way cautiously through the ruck of trucks, dashing wildly backwards and forwards, "The S." arrived without damage at the door of a Letter-sorting Carriage, and had his first introduction to the mysteries of a "Special Mail" train. Stepping over the bags lying in the doorway, "The S." found himself in a long saloon, with the sorters already at work, opening bags and pigeon-holing the letters in their several boxes, with nests of which one side of the carriage is lined. We take in a load of bags left behind (too late for the Irish Mail), and wire the fact to Crewe, so that arrangements may be made for their further despatch. Time is up within a few seconds, and yet one van has not arrived. The half-hour strikes, no arrival, already the question is discussed as to leaving the bags behind or detaining the train, when up rattles the van with its steaming horses, is backed, and its contents are hurled in through the open door, the door is banged, and we steam off into the dark night. Seats in the carriage there are none, all doorways, table edges, &c., are cushioned with leather, guarding against possible bruising and abrasion caused by the eccentric oscillations of the carriage. Sketching is done under difficulties. The carriage is comparatively steady—out with the sketch-book and have a shot; all goes well for a few seconds, and the sketch grows, when—we come to a bad bit of road, points, or some other nuisance—the pencil describes a parabola on the paper, and departs into space to the right, "The S." fetches away to the left, cannons against the row of bursting-full mail bags hung on the row of pegs on the wall of carriage, recovers himself, and cannons against the padded edge of sorting-table, and clutches at an innocent sorter, who puts him on his legs. "The S." apologises, picks up his pencil and sketch-book, and tries again. It is even bad for the professional sorter, who, after repeated trials, is often compelled to abandon the coveted berth in the Travelling Post Office for the more humdrum life of the General Post Office, owing to his inability to stand the oscillation and its resultant sea-sickness, or rail-sickness.

"The S." is now warned by his courteous cicerone that he is approaching the first station for the delivery and receipt of bags. "The S." takes up a position opposite the door, the C.C. exclaims in horror, "Don't stand there, you will have your legs broken," so "The S." retires into the comparative safety of the passage-way leading to the next carriage. The official—what shall we call him? apparatus-man—is intently watching through the glass for his landmarks, open slides the delivery-door, the lever on which the bag is to be suspended is drawn in, the bag hung on by the iron T-piece shown in sketch and flung outward, and a second is dealt with in the same way. Then the receipt-door is opened, the lever shown in sketch is lowered, and the net thus thrown out from the side of carriage. Look-out!! "The S." is conscious of a smart concussion, and the fall of bags into the ground-net, then a scuffle, and two bags strapped in their hide "pouches" come bouncing into, and bucketing about the carriage, like Brobdignagian footballs, just come over the bar into goal. In future "The S." gave that door a wide berth without warning. The General Post Office furnish the men with a guide-book containing a list of objects by which they can gauge their distance from the different apparatus stations, and thus know when to bait their trap.

It has happened that the net has been carried away through neglect of lifting the lever. One man on the Great Western distinguished himself twice in this way, with the result that the whole apparatus, as the Yanks would say, WASN'T, and the bags had either to be delivered and collected by stopping the train, or be left behind for the next. This is in the hands of the overseer, to use his discretion. We stop at Rugby for a few minutes, and after a number of deliveries and receipts steam into Tamworth, where "The S." and the C.C. leave the train, and find comfortable quarters in the Castle Hotel until next morning, when "The S." returns to town, and the C.C. goes on his way to Derby, to inspect some new Postal Carriages in process of building.

C. J. S.



WITH THE NIGHT MAIL FROM EUSTON STATION



THE rivalry between PORTUGAL and ENGLAND in CENTRAL AFRICA has entered upon a more serious phase. While diplomatic arguments go on leisurely at home over the respective claims in Mashona-Land and the Zambesi region generally, Portuguese agents in Africa proceed to fresh annexations. Thus Major Serpa Pinto's arbitrary conduct in the Shiré highlands complicates the situation considerably by raising trouble in a district where, from all points of honour, England has the prior claim. Some months since, Mr. H. H. Johnston was despatched by the British Government to form alliance with the tribes between the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa, and when travelling up the Shiré River treated with the Makololo tribes, who willingly accepted British protection. Major Serpa Pinto, according to all evidence, mediated a similar scheme for his own country, and, waiting till Mr. Johnston was safe out of the way, gathered a strong force, and followed in his footsteps. The Makololo objecting to accept Portuguese rule, the Major declared war, slaughtered the natives with Gatling guns, seized two British flags, and declared the territory under a Portuguese Protectorate. Believing themselves deserted by their first allies, the Makololo ultimately submitted, and the energetic Major then announced that he should annex all the country between the coast and Lake Nyassa, and wrote to the British Missions established at Lake Nyassa and throughout the Makololo country, to invite them to place themselves under Portuguese protection. Such are the facts from one point of view, supported by important and trustworthy evidence. The Portuguese present a different picture. They argue that Mr. Johnston acted unfairly by asking for recommendations to the Portuguese authorities, and then stealing past to declare the English rights in the Makololo territory. Major Serpa Pinto and his companions were engaged innocently enough in surveying for a railway in the Upper Shiré region when the natives attacked the Portuguese, and forced them to fight in self-defence. The Major was then obliged to take possession of the country for the safety of the Expedition, and also of the British Missions. Moreover, according to Portuguese opinion, the present news is only an exaggerated version of an earlier conflict already reported. Until further authentic information arrives from Africa, it is impossible to judge the quarrel accurately, but there can be no doubt that the Portuguese are straining every nerve to obtain a vast tract which would completely cut in two the English possessions in Central Africa. In Lisbon the most determined spirit prevails, although the Portuguese treat the dispute in a temperate manner. However, they accuse the British Nyassa Missions of cruelty to the natives, and declare that they can bring forward letters from Mr. Johnston, proving his unfair dealing, and his dependence on the Portuguese protection. Portugal is warmly supported in her protests by FRANCE. Indeed France and Portugal go hand-in-hand on African subjects, having raised so many joint-objections at the Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM, that very little important work has been done of late. Some of the Delegates have left to confer with their Governments.

In home affairs FRANCE shows the influence of the coming holiday season. The Chamber has been hurrying through the verification of the elections in order to adjourn to-day (Saturday), and even the debate on the Secret Service Money grant fell flat, though the Ministry made it a Cabinet question. Still the Deputies did not care for a Ministerial crisis to occupy the New Year holidays, and voted the required 64,000*l.* Since then the Moderates have enjoyed unseating ultra-Radicals and Boulangists on trivial pretexts, MM. Naquet and Laur, both devoted to the General, being the chief victims. General Boulanger himself has issued a fresh manifesto to his electors, but it merely reiterates former accusations against the Government for stifling Universal Suffrage. Elections to replace the unseated candidates will be held on January 12th and 26th. In their holiday time the Ministry will study the commercial and agricultural question in view of the Commercial Treaties expiring, having already conferred with the Superior Councils of Commerce and Industry and of Agriculture. At present public opinion is averse to renewing the treaties, chiefly, it is suspected, to annoy Germany. Suspicion of the same neighbour, too, is supposed to be the reason why M. de Freycinet has requested the Press not to describe the reforms and improvements in the army. PARIS is grumbling that her weather grows as bad and foggy as that of London, and, as people are afraid to go about for fear of catching the prevailing influenza, the streets are much duller than usual at this season. Deaths of several prominent men have added to the depression, such as those of M. Cornelis de Witt, son-in-law to M. Guizot, the Marquis de Caux, so well-known as a brilliant Imperialist, and who married Adeline Patti, and Christian, the popular comic actor. An excellent translation of *The Merchant of Venice—Shylock*, by M. Harancourt—is a great success at the Odéon; while a sensational melodrama of crime and mystery, *La Pôlicière*, by MM. de Montépén and Dornay, has been equally well received at the Ambigu.

The colliery strikes in GERMANY are being treated in a very conciliatory fashion both by the Government and by private employers. Emperor William is most anxious for the miners' grievances to be sifted thoroughly, and, if matters do not mend speedily, His Majesty will probably interview the miners himself. Accordingly, further strikes have been averted in Westphalia and the Rhenish mines, but many men are out in the Saar district. Politics are perfectly quiet, the Reichstag having adjourned for the holidays. Emperor William continues his shooting-parties, where he entertained the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who has just published the third volume of his Memoirs. This volume concludes the work, and embraces the period between 1860 and the proclamation of the German Empire. Great satisfaction is felt at the news from East Africa of the capture of the notorious slave-trader and murderer, Bushiri. He was tried before a court-martial under Major Wissmann, and executed forthwith.

BRAZIL does not seem to settle down quite happily. Reports are rife of discontent both in the army and navy, while the civilians, recovering from the first awe of military rule, protest against the system of repression and espionage enforced by the Provisional Government. Bahia, which was the last Province to accept the Republic, threatens trouble, so that the naval forces are being concentrated near at hand, while San Paulo and Rio Grande are also disaffected. Meanwhile, the new Cabinet have announced an important naturalisation scheme, whereby foreigners resident in Brazil at the date of the proclamation of the Republic are declared Brazilian citizens. In future all foreigners will become Brazilian subjects after two years' residence, unless they object, enjoying all national rights save the honour of becoming head of the State. Should the decree become law, it would act seriously on the mass of emigrants who have lately poured into Brazil, and European countries will probably object. The late Premier, Viscount de Ouro Preto, who has just reached Europe, has prepared a Manifesto explaining the last acts of his Ministry and the events leading to

the Revolution. He states that the Government could not crush the agitation, because all the head military and naval officers were disloyal to the Empire, the War Minister being the chief traitor.

In EASTERN EUROPE the discontent and suffering in CRETE have certainly not decreased since the publication of the Turkish amnesty. The Christians are being disarmed, while the Cretan leaders who have taken refuge in GREECE declare that they will never accept the Sultan's terms. The Greek Foreign Minister adopts the same disapproving view, and in a fresh Note to the Powers complains that the Firman is an open violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The Powers in general hold a similar opinion. They protest that, according to the Berlin Treaty, TURKEY was bound to submit to their advice any proposals for reforms in Crete. Meanwhile Turkey finds that the Armenians are plucking up courage to redress their grievances. Owing to a murder going unpunished, the Armenians of Sasun, a mountainous district near Diarbek, have risen successfully against the Turks and Kurds. In SERBIA the Government has acted most arbitrarily respecting the salt monopoly held by the Anglo-Austrian Bank on behalf of an international syndicate. After many threatenings, Serbia suddenly cancelled the monopoly contract, forced the depôts, and seized the stores. The Anglo-Austrian Bank claims heavy compensation, and is supported by the Austrian Government, though the dispute is announced to be non-political.

An important reform has been decided in EGYPT. The *corvée*, or forced labour, will now be totally abolished—much to the relief of the fellahs—instead of extending the purchase of exemption which has prevailed hitherto in certain provinces. To balance the loss a small land-tax will be levied, unless France relents, and agrees to the Conversion of the Privileged Debt. In this case no tax whatever would be needed, as the saving by the conversion would cover the other deficit.

In INDIA Prince Albert Victor left Madras on Monday for Rangoon, where he was expected yesterday (Friday) morning. He spends Christmas at Mandalay, and is due at Calcutta on January 3rd, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught coming to greet him with the Viceroy. Many native Princes are preparing elaborate festivities for the Prince's stay in Calcutta, and the Maharajah of Dharbanga offers to defray the cost of the illuminations and decorations, while the Maharajah of Vizianagram wishes to supply the funds for the public reception and general entertainment. The Indian Press are delighted with the appointment of Lord Harris as Governor of Bombay, while the Bengal Government have decided to share the judicial appointments between Hindoos and Mahomedans, instead of favouring the former as hitherto. Accordingly a Mahomedan has been made Judge of the Calcutta High Court.

In the UNITED STATES the Cronin trial has resulted in a compromise between justice and expediency. The jury could hardly fail to bring in a verdict of guilty after the forcible evidence produced during the sixteen weeks' trial, but, as Illinois juries are entitled to decide the punishment, they managed to evade pronouncing the death-penalty. Thus Burke, O'Sullivan, and Coughlin are found guilty of murder, and condemned to life-imprisonment; Kunze is convicted as accessory to the deed and guilty of manslaughter, escaping with three years' sentence; while Beggs is acquitted. The jury were locked up for four days before they could agree, and all except one juror—Mr. Culver—favoured hanging the three chief accused. Mr. Culver ultimately yielded on the capital sentence being waived. However, the condemned men have applied for a fresh trial, which is fixed for January 13th. Of the two remaining accused, Woodruff has yet to be tried, while Cooney is still missing. Save the advanced Irish party and the Anarchists, few people approve of such leniency being shown to the convicted authors of a cold-blooded murder. They recognise not only a distinct miscarriage of justice, but the danger of the secret organisations, like the Clan-na-Gael, existing in their midst. The Maritime Conference has adopted the report of the Committee on Compulsory Seamer Routes, which states that such rules would involve serious danger from ice and collision. The Conference is not likely to finish its labours before February. The new Extradition Treaty with Great Britain has been presented to the Senate. The Treaty has been negotiated by Sir J. Pauncfote and Mr. Blaine, and increases the number of extraditable offences, including embezzlement.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bohemian question again troubles AUSTRIA. Herr von Plener, leader of the German faction, has attacked Count Taaffe most virulently for favouring the Czech demands for Home Rule. The Austrian Premier, however, replied that the Government neither proposed to alter the Austrian Constitution at present, nor to advise the Emperor to be crowned King of Bohemia. In AUSTRALIA the proposed Federation Conference will probably meet in February.—In EAST AFRICA the Sultan of Zanzibar was invested on Monday with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George with much ceremony at a largely-attended Durbar. Colonel Euan Smith decorated the Sultan, who afterwards received the German Order of the Red Eagle. Mr. Mackenzie has reached Zanzibar from Mombassa, bringing most favourable news from all the posts of the British East African Company.—In SOUTH AFRICA Cape Colony has given a hearty welcome to the new Governor, Sir Henry Loch. The settlement of affairs in Swaziland progresses favourably. The Commissioners met a hundred of the headmen whom Sir F. de Winton induced to sanction the appointment of a Triumvirate of British and Transvaal delegates, with Mr. Shepstone as Chairman, to govern the country till the respective Governments give their decision on the report of the Commissioners. The chiefs were also promised that the concessions made to the whites should be investigated. The Swazi Queen, acting as Regent for the young King, has accepted the Commissioners' proposals and authority. A mass-meeting of whites has declared in favour of the Transvaal Boers exercising the chief influence in the Government.



THE chief members of the Royal Family joined the Queen at Windsor for the double anniversary on Saturday of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. The Grand Duke of Hesse had arrived a few days before, while the Prince and Princess of Wales with Prince George and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came on the previous evening. The usual Memorial Service was held on Saturday morning in the Frogmore Mausoleum before Her Majesty and the Royal party; the Dean of Windsor officiated, and two anthems and a hymn were sung. Afterwards the Queen and Royal Family placed wreaths on the tombs of the Prince and his daughter, while, later in the day, Her Majesty again came privately to visit the Mausoleum. In the interval members of the Royal Household and residents at Windsor were admitted, the visitors numbering over 2,000. Prince Albert has now been dead twenty-eight years, and Princess Alice eleven years. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne returned to town after the Service, and the Duchess of Albany left after lunch, while in the evening the Bishop of Ripon and Canon Dalton joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen and Royal

Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Bishop of Ripon preached, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse went to the Service at St. George's Chapel. Prince Christian, with his eldest son and daughter, dined with Her Majesty in the evening. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left on Monday, when Princess Beatrice went to the Albert Institute to present the medals and certificates to the students of the St. John's Ambulance Classes, the Princess acting on behalf of Princess Christian, the local President. Lord Salisbury and the Portuguese Minister were the Queen's guests in the evening, after the Minister had presented his credentials. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, with her children, left Windsor on Wednesday morning for Osborne, where they remain till February 14. Shortly before Easter they will go abroad for a few weeks.

Returning to town from Windsor on Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George, subsequently left again for Luton Hoo, to stay with the Danish Minister and Madame de Falbe. During their visit the Princes enjoyed excellent shooting, and on Friday the Royal party returned to London, whence they go to Sandringham for Christmas. Princesses Victoria and Maud have remained at Sandringham during their parents' absence.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to Barnum's show with the Grand Duke of Hesse on Monday, and to the Savoy Theatre on Tuesday. They left England for Coburg on Thursday, to spend Christmas with their family, but in February will return to England for the season.—Prince Christian, with Princess Victoria and Prince Christian Victor, has gone back to Wiesbaden to spend Christmas with the Princess and family.—Princess Louise on Tuesday distributed the awards in the butter-making competition at the Dairy Show for the Home Counties, Hampstead.

A STROLL THROUGH THE MARKET-PLACE AT RIO DE JANEIRO

BESIDE the principal quay of the Italian-like port a large open space extends a considerable distance, which in the early morning hours presents one of the most picturesque scenes in the world, one for which, if regarded only as a study of colour, an artist would require the rainbow on his palette! It faces the beautiful Bay of Rio, and has for a background tall houses brightly painted with gaudy frescoes, Italian-fashion—*albergo trattorie*, and open shops all mixed up together. The Bay in front, as every one knows, is one of the most magnificent in either hemisphere, Naples and Sydney alone worthily contending with it for the palm of loveliness.

The mist lies heavily on the picturesque curve of the *Corcovado*, proudly growing immediately behind the city, and on the flat-topped *Gavea*. Long after the day dawns, the peaks of the distant Organ Mountains, towering to a height of 8,000 feet, are still hidden from view, while the weird *Pao da Assucar* (Sugarloaf), which stands sentinel at the entrance of the harbour, is dimly seen through a mantle of silver-green. As the sun climbs above the low-lying mists, its first gleams fall on the overhanging terraces of houses above the town, and then sparkle on the wet rocks of Forts Lagé and Santa Cruz, and spreads in silvery ripples across the calm expanse of the great bay extending ten or twelve miles between mountains covered with the richest verdure, revealing along its shores handsome *chicaras*, or country houses, surrounded with palms, and fairy isles, well-wooded and inhabited, chequering the surface, and helping to make up one of the fairest scenes upon which the eye can rest.

Soon the brightness becomes dazzling, and the day begins in earnest. Fishing-boats, laden with their cargoes, sparkling and flashing in the bright sun, and others laden with strange fruit around the quays. Boats from the numerous ships of war, and merchantmen bearing the flags of all nations, conspicuous among which is the Union Jack, shoot swiftly across the bay, and you alight at the Market Steps amidst a Babel of sounds. Portuguese fish-vendors, fruit-sellers, and fat negresses in gay turbans, with bare shoulders like the bronze busts in the Uffizi Galleries, and with the same smooth, burnished sheen of dark metallic lustre, jostle each other in their eager haste. Some of them have fine laughing eyes, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. Piles of fruit and vegetables, sugarcane, bananas, dates, passion-fruit, and oranges cover the quays. A mingled incense of *cigarriti*, fish, and other indescribable odours greets another of the senses—perhaps the most sensitive one. Slaves—slaves no longer—hurry along with huge burthens. Some of them are remarkable for their fine physique, their lithe, erect forms, well-poised head, and carefully-dressed and frizzled hair. The trade in "ebony," as it was called, has so long since ceased that all these were born in Brazil. Most of those seen in the streets of Rio have long been free. It is in the coffee *fazendas* up-country that the slave population has been chiefly employed.

Nowhere else, except in the Piazza del Erbe at Verona, or about the Rialto of Venice in the early morning, when the market-boats, deep-laden with rich fruit, flock to the quays, can anything so wonderful in colour be seen—the purple of the grapes and figs the scarlet gourds, the crimson fish-baskets, prawns ten inches long, fish unknown, and tropical edibles which are unnameable, in endless profusion. Citizens, priests, Sisters of Mercy, &c., are everywhere; and Brazilian matrons, each attended by a female slave with frizzled hair, wearing a cotton gown, and bearing a market-basket, are seen making bargains, or departing citywards with a stately carriage quite Spanish in its profound dignity. Portuguese everywhere is the *lingua* heard, though now and again we hear the soft vowel sounds and charming diminutives of pure Italian.

"Sunset colours" are the everyday hues of Brazil, and the living things also exposed for sale testify this on every side. Birds with brilliant plumage, flamingoes, the black and yellow torcha, with its pretty ways, the smaller humming birds, and birds displaying beautiful metallic hues; marmosets and lion-faced monkeys, and every where playing amidst their little nigger children in the scantiest attire, and niggers of jet-black hue, forming no inconsiderable feature in the scheme of colour. Numberless birds are used only for the inimitable imitations of flowers for which the fashionable Rue do Ouvidor is famous. Lovely camelias and other rare flowers are imitated with perfect skill, every petal and shade matched from the breast or throat of a humming bird.

Crowds of mules abound; for mules are in universal request, the adjacent streets are traversed by tramcars, all drawn by mules; they rush down one narrow street and up another on single rails, like fireflies, even the State carriages are drawn by mules, and the whole traffic of a city containing 500,000 inhabitants is carried entirely by mules.

Long before noon the market is over, and the busy crowd dispersed. Rio is just within the tropics, and after 9 A.M. the heat becomes intolerable. Mules quickly convey the *contadine* through suburbs lined for miles with the handsome *chicaras* of the wealthier classes, each standing in its own grounds. And then beyond, through roads crowded with tropical vegetation, trees hung with orchids, lianas, creepers, and strange parasites, aloe trees, the wild spreading fig, and masses of daturas filling the air with the sweetness of their long white bells, amidst all which sport pink and white feathered insects, humming-birds, and blue butterflies—a dream of colour which will make other skies seem leaden, and other flowers pale and sombre in comparison.

S. T.

THE VICTORIA GALLERY

A RATHER important addition to the numerous picture exhibitions established in London has been made by the opening of a Gallery in Regent Street with a large collection of works of a humorous or grotesque kind. Together with a few interesting French sketches, it contains characteristic examples of many of the most able pictorial humorists that this country has produced since the time of Hogarth. There is no original work by Hogarth himself, and the series of sixty engravings from his pictures by other men are placed where they cannot be seen without difficulty. The chief strength of the Exhibition lies in the very numerous pictures and engravings of half a century later. These would claim more extended notice if a very large proportion of them had not appeared in the recent Exhibition of "English Humorists in Art" at the Gallery of the Royal Institute. The scathing satires of Gillray, the political and social caricatures of Isaac Cruikshank and Bunbury, and sporting pictures by Alken, are interesting from several points of view, but nothing can well be said of their artistic qualities that has not often been said before. By Thomas Rowlandson—who greatly excelled them all—there are more than a hundred works, illustrating all the various phases of his art, and including some of the finest water-colour pictures that he produced. They confirm the opinion we have already expressed—that, of the artists of his time, he was one of the most accomplished, as well as infinitely the most humorous and versatile. Many of the most able graphic humorists of the present century, including George and Robert Cruikshank, Seymour, H. K. Browne, John Leech, and Randolph Caldecott, are well represented. Thackeray's skill as an artist is seen in several very small black and white designs, executed more than fifty years ago. An excellent little oil picture, representing the interior of a barber's shop, by an unknown painter, well deserves examination.

Besides several original designs for illustrations that have already appeared, Mr. Charles Green sends two faithful and thoroughly artistic little realisations of scenes described in "The Old Curiosity Shop." A series of six portrait sketches in oil by Mr. Julius M. Price, forcibly attract attention by their strongly marked individuality and life-like expression. In each of them the artist has approached very nearly, without overstepping the line that divides characterisation from caricature. Among other works by living artists are two characteristic and humorously expressive little oil studies of "Mlle. Sara Bernhardt," by Mr. Dudley Hardy; a fantastic little picture of a "Fou en Vert," by Van Beers; and many amusing caricatures by MM. Faustin, Pilotell, and Griset.

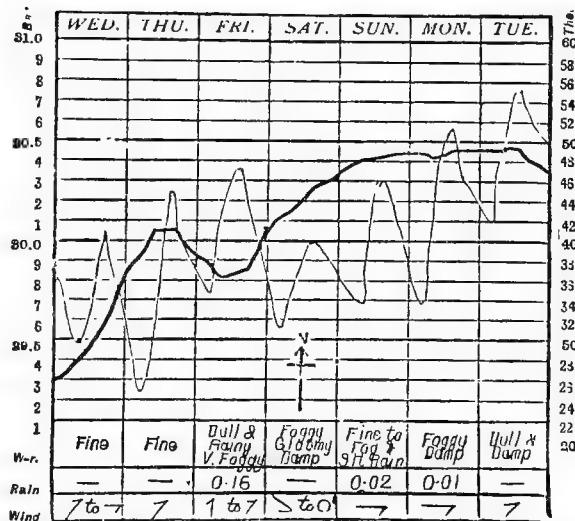
DIARIES, ALMANACS, ETC.—Some of the handiest of this year's diaries come from Messrs. John Walker and Co., Farrington House, Warwick Lane, E.C. Tastefully bound in limp leather, and issued in a compact form, they are calculated to meet universal requirements.—Messrs. Collins, Sons, and Co., Bridewell Place, E.C., send us a parcel of their scribbling and other diaries. The portable diary is a convenient production, and the "Tablet" Diary is useful for memoranda. The "Gem," "Gentleman's," "Lady's," and "Handy" Diaries, also published by this firm, are all good specimens of book-binding.—The "Temple" Diary, issued by Messrs. Abram and Sons, Middle Temple Gate, E.C., is interleaved with blotting, and devotes space for a weekly summary. The same firm send us a useful "Tablet" Diary.—The diaries published by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. are always the most elegant specimens of work obtainable. The "Finger" Diaries, in cases suitable for the vest pocket, are a triumph of printing and binding, and the Russian leather purse pocket-books are no less excellent. The tablet diaries, suitable for the desk, the condensed diary and engagement book, the "Lilliputian" pocket Calendar, and the wall almanacs executed in chromo-lithography, are fully equal to the productions of previous years.—From Messrs. Cassell and Co. we receive specimens of Letts's "Rough" and "Scribbling" Diaries, containing a page to each week, and office and pocket editions of other diaries issued by this firm. A novel and useful idea is the "Monthly" Diary, consisting of twelve monthly divisions, contained in a neat cloth box, with a tablet attached for memoranda.—Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 3, Royal Exchange, E.C.—not to be confounded with the above—claim to publish the largest variety of office diaries in the world. They are of all sizes and shapes, and are adapted to suit a variety of requirements. "Some Notes on Celebrated Diarists," published by this firm, includes the names of Pepys, Evelyn, Addison, and other famous men.—"Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book" (J. S. Virtue and Co.) is an invaluable reference book for the housewife. It contains notes on household economy, useful recipes, hints on gardening, and other useful information.—"The Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar, Diary, and Pocket Book" for 1890 includes a mass of information that will prove interesting to Brethren of the Masonic Craft.—We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co., "The Book Post Calendar" for 1890.—Messrs. Hudson and Kearns' commercial diaries and date indicating pads are by far the most handy and useful that we have seen. The same firm publishes the "Architect's" and the "Builder's" Diaries, both containing a mass of technical information invaluable in these professions. The printing and binding of these volumes leaves nothing to be desired.—The "Concise" Diaries sent by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Belfast, daintily bound and beautifully printed, are most excellent specimens of pocket diaries. They are issued in a most convenient form, and occupy but a very small space in the pocket.—Mr. Frederic Mayer, 113, Oxford Street, W., presents the public with a useful novelty in the "International Almanac for 1890." This almanac contains the usual information to be found in such publications, but has the advantage of being printed throughout in five different languages: English, French, German, Italian and Spanish.—We have received a copy of Calvert's Mechanics' Almanac for 1890, containing a great amount of practical, technical, and industrial information.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase. The deaths last week numbered 1,768 against 1,683 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 85, but still 65 below the average. The death-rate thus advanced to 21·2 per 1,000. The cold weather reacted fatally on diseases of the respiratory organs, the deaths increasing from 432 to 552, and being 31 above the ordinary return. On the other hand the fatalities from scarlet-fever only reached 12, while fewer fever-patients are being admitted to the hospitals, though the last report gave 1,858 under treatment.

THE ARTS AND SPORTS EXHIBITION at the Grosvenor Gallery will probably open on January 15th. Nearly every kind of sport will be illustrated, from perch-fishing to the hunting of big game, while the display of ancient hunting-weapons and racing-plate promises exceptionally well. The pictures of the chase range from the works of Dürer and Rubens to Landseer and the painters of the present time, the Queen sending Landseer's "Deer Drive" and "Sanctuary" among her twenty-five loans. Speaking of forthcoming exhibitions, the Committee of the Royal Military Exhibition ask for loans of old weapons, uniforms, trophies, colours, and any objects connected with their subject. They propose to represent the period from 1688 to the present date, but would include any specially interesting exhibit of earlier times.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1893.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (17th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week, although occasionally frosty, was on the whole a very open character. Dull, gloomy skies prevailed for the most part, and slight rain was experienced from time to time in most places, with frequent heavy wet fogs or mists towards the close of the period. At the commencement of the time pressure was lowest to the extreme Northward, and highest to the extreme Southward of our Islands, and thus moderate to fresh Northerly winds were experienced in the North and West, and light Westerly breezes elsewhere. The sky was mostly clear and bright, while temperature, after sharp frost during the early morning hours, continued somewhat low for a time. In the course of Thursday and Friday (16th and 17th inst.), a somewhat deep depression advanced from the Atlantic to our West Coasts, and the mercury over our Islands consequently fell briskly. The winds, therefore, backed to the Southward generally, and freshened to a strong gale on the more exposed Coasts in that neighbourhood, while the sky became clouded in nearly all places, temperature rose somewhat decidedly, and rain spread over the whole of the United Kingdom. By Saturday (14th inst.) a brisk rise in the barometer had set in generally, the wind had become light and variable in most places, and rain was experienced at a few stations only. Later on the rise in the barometer became much slower, and gradients for moderate Westerly breezes, and very mild, muggy, and foggy weather were very general. At the close of the week the lowest pressures were still reported from the North of our Islands, where a rather brisk fall of the barometer had set in. Strong South-Westerly or Westerly winds prevailed in many parts of the country, with dull skies or fog, and very mild weather for the time of the year in all parts of the United Kingdom. At Naïm the 8 A.M. temperature was as much as 18° above the average. The highest daily temperatures have frequently exceeded 50°, the absolute highest being 55° at Naïm and in London on Tuesday (17th inst.), and the same value at Leith on Monday (16th inst.), while 54° were registered in the South-West of Ireland more than once, and 53° at one or two Southern English Stations on Monday (16th inst.). The lowest showed the sharpest frosts on the morning of Thursday (12th inst.) when minima, ranging from 23° to 27° were reported from the English inland stations, and from 24° to 26° over Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30.46 inches) on Tuesday (17th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 1.14 inch. The temperature was highest (55°) on Tuesday (17th inst.); lowest (25°) on Thursday (12th inst.); range 30°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.19 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.16 inch on Friday (13th inst.).

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS, CARDS, AND ANNUALS.—The Christmas Number of *Life* is a decided disappointment. Beyond a paper on "Siberia," the number excites little or no interest, as the engravings are but poor specimens of work.—"That Which Was Lost" is the Christmas Number of the *Reformatory and Refuge Journal*, a periodical published by the Reformatory and Refuge Union, 32, Charing Cross, S.W. The number contains many capital illustrations, and some interesting information about the work of the Union.—Miss N. O'Melia contributes an amusing story to "Diprose's Annual," "In a Lethal Chamber;" and Mr. John Lathey, jun., is represented by "The Bells of St. Clement," a sensational yarn. "Rather Awkward," by Keedy Kingston, and "Lord Byron and the Pretty Widow," by Howard Paul, are also readable.—*Belgravia Annual* includes a goodly number of short stories from the pens of various authors. Florence Marryat contributes "Jealous Mrs. Benetfink," other well-known writers in the number being "Rita," John Strange Winter, Mrs. Kennard, Curtis Yorke, and Mrs. Jocelyn.—All who are interested in canine history will be sure to find something useful in the *Dog Owners' Annual* for 1890 (Dean and Son). The book contains much valuable information on dog-management, and is well illustrated. The important question of "To muzzle or not to muzzle?" is also discussed.—We have to acknowledge the Christmas Number of the *Temperance Chronicle* and the "Church of England Temperance Society Almanac for 1890."—Messrs. Parkins and Gotto send us a selection of their Christmas and New Year's Cards, containing many new and elaborate designs.—A seasonable subject for the time of year is the Christmas Card etching sent us by Mr. E. E. Leggett, 46, Fenchurch Street, "The Good Old Days," by Frank Peters. The etching is delicately executed, and makes a charming picture.—The Christmas number of *Wide Awake*, besides a number of admirable engravings, contains several appropriate stories and poems, which will be sure to make it popular with the youngsters.—We have to acknowledge from Mr. Rimmel a selection of his excellent Christmas cards, scent sachets, &c.; and from the publisher of the *St. Stephen's Review*, a copy of "Crime," being the Christmas number of that periodical; also a Christmas Card etching from H. M. Gilbert, 26, Above Bar, Southampton.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC has extended to most European countries in more or less mild form. It continues very severe in Vienna and Berlin, has reached Madrid, Rome, Stockholm, Brussels, and Belgrade, and affects many schools and shops in Paris. Little King Alfonso of Spain has been confined to bed with a bad cold, apparently a touch of the prevailing malady; in Berlin, Field-Marshal von Moltke has been attacked; while in Paris, Madame Carnot has fallen victim with three of the wives of the Cabinet Ministers. Indeed, in Paris "la grippe" is the dominant topic of conversation, and threatens to damage the New Year's trade, as the people are afraid to enter the big shops for fear of infection. At Berlin Professor Virchow was lecturing last week at the University, and was very late one morning for the class. On entering he explained that the delay was due to his catching the influenza, and offered to give his lecture on that subject from practical experience. Doctors of all nations are now disputing vigorously whether the epidemic proceeds from microbes or from the atmosphere. It is certain that in many cases people catch severe colds and chills "influenza," without due ground, and so the outbreak appears greater than it really is. Happily the malady is very rarely fatal, except when neglect or great age and weakness develop subsequent lung disease. Horses suffer in many capitals, notably our own, while St. Anne's school at Grantham in Lincolnshire has been shut in consequence of the epidemic. Now, cases are even reported from New York.



TWO FINE GOLDEN EAGLES have been seen in Kent, hovering over Eastwell Park. One bird was shot, but the keepers are trying to capture its mate alive.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR is determined that his subjects shall not lose their musical reputation. By his special orders every German soldier and sailor must learn to sing, and the War Minister has issued a suitable singing-book for their instruction.

THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN PREACHER, DR. TALMAGE, has been imitating St. Paul, and preaching from Mars' Hill at Athens. He concluded his service by securing a large block from the hill to form the corner-stone of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, which will replace the building recently burnt down.

A TABLE WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO THE GREAT NAPOLEON was lately sold at Dover. It was a handsome marble and walnut console table, elaborately carved, and bearing an Imperial "N," and was stated to have been used by the ex-Emperor either when at Plymouth awaiting his fate, or in his cabin on the voyage to St. Helena. The relic fetched only 41. 10s.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE is gathering all her family *souvenirs* around her at Farnborough. She has arranged one room to represent the Prince Imperial's study at Chiselhurst, filled with the relics and memorials of her dead son. Another room contains the turning-lathe and carpentering tools which Napoleon III. used in his last days for exercise, when he could no longer ride. The ex-Empress has had the satin and lace of her wedding-dress made into splendid vestments for the priests who officiate in the Imperial Memorial Chapel.

THE FREQUENT DEATHS CAUSED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WIRES have roused the New York authorities to action at last. The Public Works Department on Saturday began cutting down the overhead wires as a general nuisance, and owing to the suddenness of their decision many streets were left in total darkness. Another person was killed by electricity on Sunday, a fireman belonging to one of the Light Companies, who succumbed to a comparatively slight shock.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has received an imposing letter of gratitude from the Emperor of China for the funds contributed to the recent Chinese famine-sufferers. His Majesty's message is inscribed on a wooden tablet six feet high, and covered with gold-leaf, and as it is to be hung in the Council Chamber at Adelaide, a Chinese interpreter has been summoned in haste to prevent any inadvertent disrespect by placing the tablet upside down.

FRESH ASCENTS IN THE KLIMA-NJARO REGION have been made by Dr. Hans Meyer, who has recently explored the district with great success. Accompanied by another German and a negro, Dr. Meyer scaled the highest peak—19,280 feet—and raised the German flag, christening the mountain Kaiser Wilhelm Peak. The view hence over the Kibbs crater is magnificent, showing a lofty volcanic cone rising from a belt of ice.

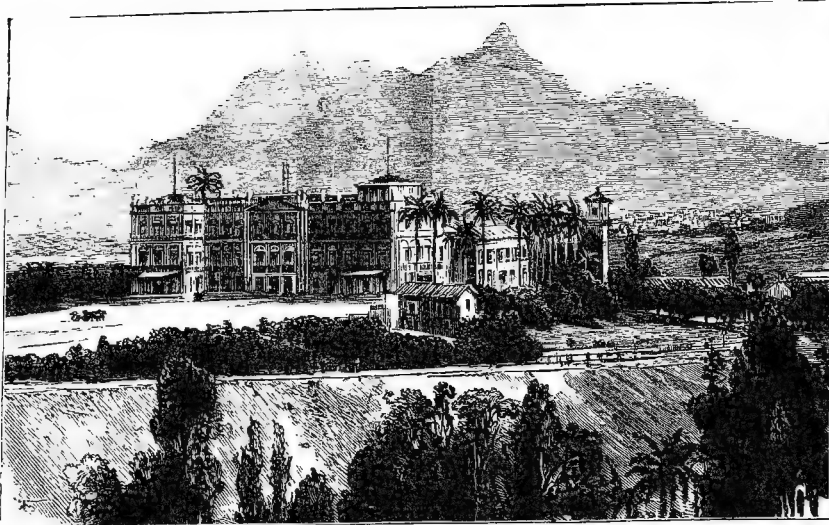
THE TENTH "TRUTH" TOY SHOW was held in the Grosvenor Gallery, Bond Street, on Monday and Tuesday, December 16th and 17th. Nearly 24,000 toys were exhibited, including between 4,000 and 5,000 dolls, dressed by our contemporary's lady readers. The 22,000 children in the various hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries of the metropolis will each receive a toy. Ten thousand new sixpences, sent by an unknown donor, and the same number of crackers, sent by Mr. Tom Smith, will also be distributed.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ELGIN MARBLES is now questioned by a German Professor, Dr. Puchstein, of the Berlin Museum, who declares that these precious relics are not the work of Phidias, but probably of Kallimachos, and therefore of later date. The drapery-folds in the Elgin Marbles, he points out, were evidently produced by the "running borer," which had not been invented in the time of Phidias. His draperies are of much more archaic style, judging by the examples found at Pergamos, and now at Berlin. The Germans specially enjoy contesting received opinions, but they have yielded to Dr. Schliemann in his conviction that the ruins of Hissarlik are those of the ancient Troy. A German and Austrian expert recently accompanied the Doctor to the spot, and have now given their favourable verdict.

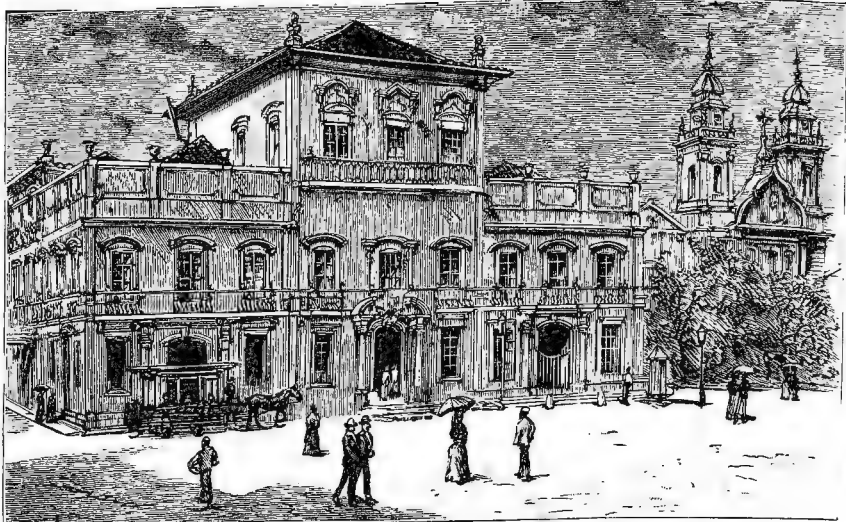
EMIN PASHA is recovering slowly, but steadily. He still suffers from his severe bruises, which at one time caused him great pain at the slightest movement, and his cough continues bad, but he will shortly be well enough to move to Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley remains at Zanzibar, where he has received a most kindly message from the Queen. Both the explorer and his followers are still being fêted, the Sultan receiving and rewarding the loyal Zanzibaris, while Mr. Stanley and Colonel Euan Smith were entertained at lunch by the representatives of the British Indian Steam Navigation Company on board the *Arawatta*, inaugurating the new direct service between England and East Africa. On Monday night Colonel Euan Smith gave a banquet to Mr. Stanley, when all the ships in harbour were illuminated.

A PERSIAN ODE OF WELCOME TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR was composed by a loyal native on the Prince's visit to Hyderabad. The verses compliment not only the Prince, but all his relations, and describe the Royal guest as "a Prince independent, in dignity high, in beauty and grace lovely as the Moon; the world boasts of the abilities of him descended from a Royal line most exalted. Born to an Heir-Apparent, at whose feet the highest Heavens do reverence; to whom the world far and wide pays homage; the confronting enemy yields readily to his sword. Descended from a line of Emperors who are fit to occupy the very firmament of Heaven as their throne, for the display of whose glory the world is not wide enough. Victoria, just and righteous, the mighty Empress, like unto the effulgent Moon, shines to the world, which world is her own. May the Empress live as long as the world lasts; may Prosperity be her constant attendant, and Victory her slave; may the rebel fall like one struck by sudden lightning!"

THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, recently burnt down at Peking, cannot be restored in time for the spring sacrifice, as the building is quite destroyed. Nothing remains but a heap of ashes, and even the solid stones composing the flooring and steps of the terraces are cracked by the heat. The committee appointed to survey the ruins "do not dare to formulate any special proposal," but suggest humbly that the Emperor might perform the sacrifice under a temporary silken awning. Another Commission has been considering the punishment of the Temple officials who were in charge when the fire broke out. The head official will be fined a year's salary, will lose a step in rank, and be transferred to another post, while his subordinates incur similar penalties without losing their appointments. The Chinese cannot forget this disaster, which they consider a special visitation from Heaven, and there is a most uneasy feeling abroad in Peking that the young Emperor and Empress are unlucky. The succession of public troubles, flood, famine, and fire, have revived the discontent originally felt when the Emperor ascended the Throne in somewhat irregular manner, and competent observers consider that the present dynasty is much shaken.



IMPERIAL PALACE, SAN CHRISTOVÃO, RIO
The Winter Residence of the Emperor



THE OLD CITY PALACE, RIO

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL

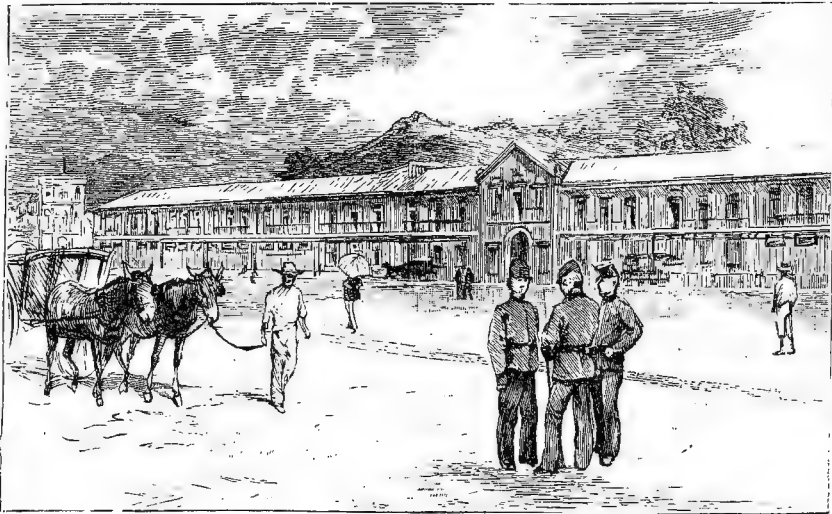
OUR engravings this week consist partly of views in the city of Rio de Janeiro, and partly of persons who have become conspicuous through the recent Revolution. We have already in a previous article described the scenery surrounding the city, the magnificent harbour, and the finely-shaped mountains which form the background of the landscape; and, in another paper which appears in this issue, we

have dwelt on the aspect of the town on a market-day; here, therefore, we will confine our observations to some of the buildings which are most conspicuous. The site of Rio de Janeiro consists of flat ground along the shore, and of five hills of considerable height, with intervening valleys. The houses placed on the hills present a conspicuous and striking appearance, whereas those which occupy the hollows are scarcely visible from the sea, and hence the town, viewed from that direction, seems much less extensive than it actually

is. The oldest, and still most important, part of the town occupies a flat tongue of land of an irregular quadrangular shape. On the west side of this part of the town is a large square called Campo de Santa Anna, and immediately beyond it, approached by a bridge built over an arm of the sea, is the new town. This has all the advantages of modern construction, and is distinguished by its general elegance, and by a number of fine squares. Among the principal public buildings are the Senate House, a large



VISCOUNT DE OURO PRETO
Ex-Premier of Brazil



CAMPO SANTA ANNA QUARTEL
Where the revolt occurred



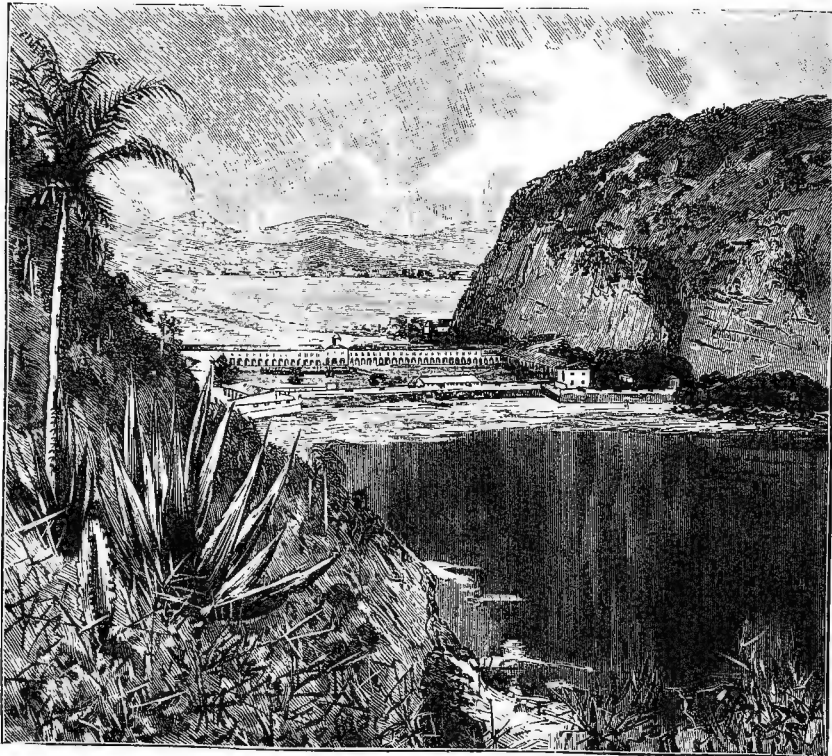
BARON LADARIO
Ex-Minister of Marine

modern structure on the north side of Campo de Santa Anna; the Town House, a simple and unadorned edifice; the Imperial Palace, a large stone building, which of late, with the exception of a suite of rooms in which a Court was occasionally held, has been appropriated to public offices; a Naval and Military Academy, and several richly-decorated churches. The Exchange is prominently situated in the Rua Direita, the widest and finest of the streets.

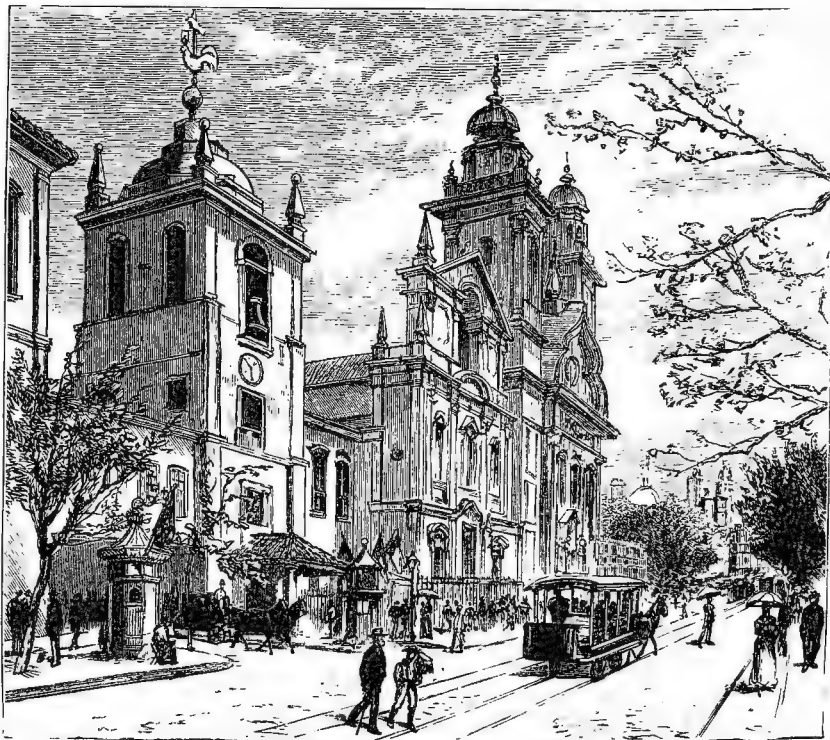
Our portraits comprise two Royalists, and a group of the

newly-formed Republican Ministry. One of the Royalists is the Viscount de Ouro Preto, who formed a new Cabinet when the Joao Alfredo Ministry retired from office, in consequence of the unpopularity which they incurred after passing the Slavery Abolition Act in May, 1888. Many of the angry planters then joined the Republican ranks, but, when the new Premier undertook to soothe their wounded feelings with ample loans on liberal terms from the public treasury, they returned, at least in appearance, to their old political

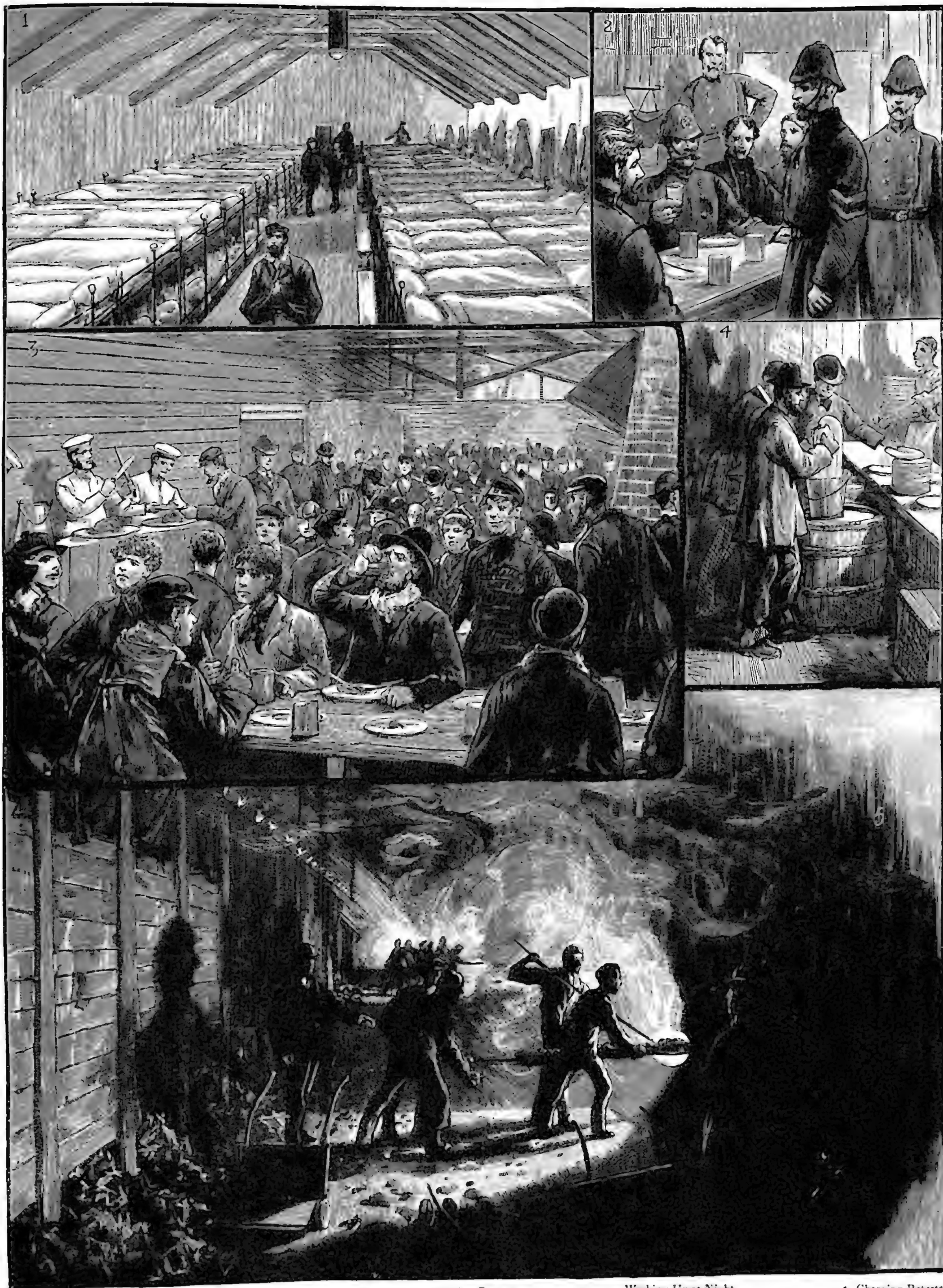
allegiance. As we are not now writing a history of the successive events which brought about this remarkable Revolution, it suffices to observe here that when the military discontents became formidable, the Viscount de Ouro Preto is alleged to have treated the troops in such an arbitrary and contemptuous manner that even the rank and file began to murmur. Our other Royalist portrait depicts the plucky Baron de Ladario, who when summoned to surrender by an insurgent cavalry officer with a small squad of



MILITARY SCHOOL, BOTAFOGO



THE RUA DIREITA
Where the troops marched after the capture of the Quarteil



1. Men's Dormitory

2. Policemen's Room

3. Dining Room

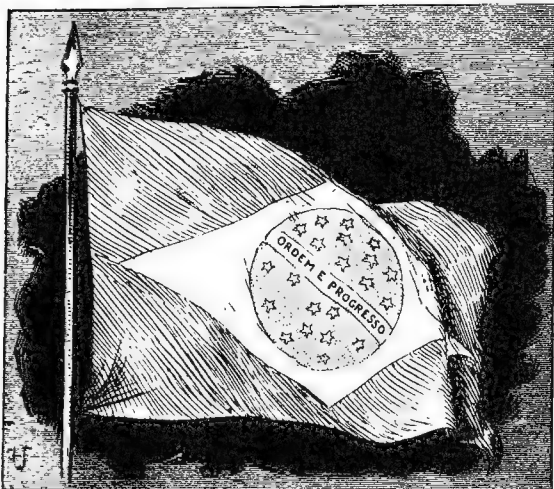
4. Washing Up at Night

5. Charging Retorts

THE STRIKES AT THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY'S WORKS, VAUNHALL
THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW HANDS

men fired a revolver at them, but the weapon missed fire. Thereupon the soldiers discharged their carbines at him, inflicting four wounds, none of which happily were of a serious character. This was the only blood shed during the day, and the only resistance encountered by the insurgents.

Now for our republican portraits. Later on this memorable day the revolutionary junta, composed of General Deodoro da Fonseca, chief of the insurgents, Colonel Benjamin Constant Botelho de Magalhães, the real organiser of the revolt, and Senhor Quintino Bocayuva, a journalist, and chief of the Republican party, met and organised a Provisional Government, and issued a manifesto, which has already been published in the newspapers of this country. Other positions in the Cabinet were filled by

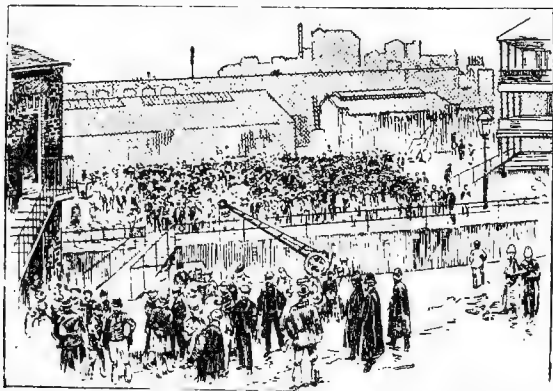


THE NEW BRAZILIAN FLAG

the selection of Dr. Manoel Ferraz de Campos Salles as Minister of Justice, and Demetrio Ribeiro as Minister of Agriculture, &c., both absent from the city. Among the Ministers Aristides Lobo, Ruy Barbosa, and Campos Salles have had more or less experience in public life. Bocayuva is a brilliant writer; Wandenkolk is a naval officer, somewhat given to intrigue; Benjamin Constant is a talented professor, somewhat given to speculation; while Ribeiro is not popularly known in Rio. General Deodoro is old and infirm, and cannot be counted upon for any length of time. It is popularly believed that the ablest and most trustworthy man in this group—a man who can be relied upon for any emergency—is Benjamin Constant. The Republic has adopted a new flag, of which we give an illustration above. It consists of green and gold stripes, with a blue field containing twenty-one stars.

THE GAS STRIKE

THERE is no necessity for us to recapitulate here the history of the strike at the South Metropolitan Gas Company's Works at Vauxhall. Suffice it to say that the Company, being desirous of giving its *employers* an interest in the success of the undertaking, set on foot a scheme by which those of the men who chose to engage themselves for twelve months would be given a bonus, according to the profits, at the end of the year. Many of the men accepted these terms; but many others, declaring that it was an infringement of



MEN WAITING FOR WORK IN THE GASYARD AT VAUXHALL

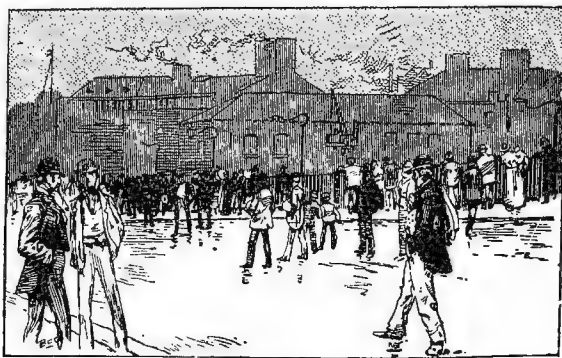
their freedom of contract, announced their intention of striking unless the scheme was abandoned. This the Company refused to do, and on Friday last week the malcontents were paid off and left their work—most of them, as far as one can judge at present, never to return; for there were plenty of new hands ready to be taken on, and the production of gas, though at first somewhat interfered with, has been steadily increasing throughout the week. It is with the elaborate arrangements made for the protection, housing, and feed-



"BLACKLEGS" BEING ESCORTED INTO THE WORKS AT VAUXHALL

ing of these new hands that our illustrations are mainly concerned. Scotland Yard did not on this occasion refuse its aid for the prevention of intimidation. Plenty of constables were provided, and for

them the barrack shown in our engraving was erected. Larger barracks of a similar kind were put up for the benefit of the men employed. They are of corrugated iron, lined with match-boarding, and provided with a layer of felt to keep out the cold. In the dormitories beds were prepared in the manner customary on board emigrant-ships. They consisted of double platforms of berths, supplied with plenty of bedding. The buildings were victualled as if for a siege. There were great piles of bread, heaps of tinned meats, sacks of tapioca, and great steam-boilers for the preparation



WATCHING THE MEN AT WORK ON THE WHARVES FROM VAUXHALL BRIDGE

of soup. Some of the men, probably, had never been fed so well before. Those of them who preferred going to their own homes were given an allowance in lieu of board and lodging, as were the teetotallers, who declined the pint and a half of beer provided for each man *per diem*. The new hands were at first, of course, somewhat strange to the work, which in the retort-room is of a severe description. But they rapidly improved, and in a few days were almost as expert as their predecessors. Very few accidents, we are glad to say, were reported.

PORTUGUESE INVASION OF NYASSA-LAND

THAT a little-known district in the Lake Country of Central Africa is likely to absorb a great deal of British interest and sympathy during the next few weeks goes without saying. Telegrams describing the advance of Major Serpa Pinto into Nyassa-Land have given rise to the most serious apprehensions, and, unless the strain upon it is very quickly relaxed, the thread of diplomatic relations between this country and Portugal will probably snap. Briefly, then, in a few words we would justify the importance which Her Majesty's Government attaches to peace being restored in those districts of the River Shire and Lake Nyassa which have been invaded by Serpa Pinto with fire and sword. This country was selected by Dr. Livingstone, as far back as 1859, as the innermost ring of the African slave-traders—a sort of Clapham Junction, where slavers led away gangs of captives, not only to be shipped from the Portuguese seaboard, but also to the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, whence they were traded away in the still farther interior for ivory.

Branching also from this district other skeleton-strewn tracks marked the routes by which the Arabs drove down their human chattels to Lindi, Mozambique, and Zanzibar, to supply the requirements of the Red Sea and Madagascar regions. Livingstone appealed first of all to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for help to thrust light into this utter darkness, for to his shrewd mind the introduction of Christianity and civilisation seemed the only possible corrective. The reply made to him may be summed up by a brief glance at results to-day. The Universities have a strong station at Lukoma Island on the Lake, and a steamer plying hither and thither, with a staff of Missionary Clergy under Bishop Smythies. The Free Church of Scotland has numerous Missionary stations on the western side of the Lake. Enterprising Scotch settlers have coffee and sugar plantations on Mount Zomba; and, as we get farther down the Shire, the splendid establishments of the Church of Scotland are met with on the Shire highlands. Livingstone's Makololos have kept the waterway of the river free for British trading steamers to traverse the great arterial waterway ever since their master first opened the navigation with H.M.S. *Pioneer* in 1860.

These enterprises—carried out at a tremendous cost of life and money—have been followed by the happiest results, and tens of thousands of the natives have been influenced for good in all ways, whilst Christianity has driven down strong foundations. In Lord Salisbury's opinion these exertions in a No-man's-land constitute valid title-deeds to Nyassa-Land, and we are mistaken if our



MAJOR SERPA PINTO

countrymen do not uphold him in his firm determination, which is that the record of such a splendid work shall not now be torn in pieces by a people who never set a foot in the country till within the last three years—and then only to spy out what had been done, and what is worth laying violent hands upon!—Our illustrations are taken from photographs which have recently been sent to England by a member of the Universities Mission stationed on Lake Nyassa.

Major Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serpa Pinto, whose over-zeal has caused these troubles, was born in 1846, and educated at the Royal Military College, Lisbon. He entered the Portuguese army in 1863, and has seen some service. He is chiefly known, however,

for the journey which, in 1877-9, he made across Africa, from Benguela to Durban, his account of which, "How I Crossed Africa," gained him medals, honorary fellowships, and knighthoods from potentates and learned societies innumerable.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA

AT POONA

ROYAL Princes have to work hard in their vocation, which now-a-days means that they are perpetually on exhibition for purposes either of State or charity. Wherever they go, crowds of sightseers necessarily assemble, and all sorts of shows and spectacles are got up for the alleged amusement of the Royal personage, but in reality for the delectation of the lookers-on. Then, whenever Royalty appears in public, the inevitable photographer is there with his camera. On November 11th, when Prince Albert Victor had a pretty heavy programme before him, as he had to receive a number of native potentates, and to make an excursion to Parbutti, no less than three photographic firms appeared on the scene immediately after breakfast, Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Messrs. Molkenkeller and Hammes, and Mr. Lala Deen Dayal (of Indore). All had the honour of taking His Royal Highness, surrounded by the members of his own Staff, as well as of the Governor's Staff. Among the persons represented in the group here engraved are the Prince himself; the Governor, Lord Reay; Lady Reay; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; Sir Arthur and Lady Hayter, Sir Edward Bradford, &c.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

AT HYDERABAD

HYDERABAD is the capital city of the province of the same name, which is ruled over by a powerful Mahommedan prince, the Nizam of the Deccan. The province covers an area of nearly 100,000 square miles, and contains a population of some 12,000,000 persons of various creeds and castes. The city of Hyderabad stands on the south bank of the Musi River, in the midst of a highly picturesque country overspread with granite hills and isolated rocks. In fact, it is fortified so strongly by a barrier of rocks and a barrier of jungle, that the Mahrattas, although they more than once attacked the city, never succeeded in compelling it to capitulate. The palaces and mosques, together with the buildings of the British Residency, give



TRIUMPHAL ARCH

the city an appearance of much grandeur, but, as is often the case in the East, many of the streets are narrow and irregular, and the houses mean and dirty. The Palace of the Nizam is an immense building, situated in the fine street called "The Chawk." It covers one-fifteenth of the whole space within the city walls, and one of the quadrangles is as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields. The adjacent buildings are very handsome, finer than those of the Shah's Palace at Teheran, though somewhat in the same style of architecture.

Some 7,000 persons habitually reside in the Palace. The Nizam receives his visitors in a handsome pavilion, richly furnished, and illuminated by five immense chandeliers. The River Musi, which, when full, is between 400 and 500 feet wide, is crossed by three



SOME OF THE DECORATIONS

bridges, the finest of which, known as the Oliphant Bridge, was built in 1831 of square granite stones, by Colonel Oliphant, of the Madras Engineers. The British Residency also was designed by an officer of the Madras Engineers, Mr. P. Russell (son of a Royal Academician), and was entirely constructed by Indian workmen. On the north front of the building, where the grand entrance is situated, a flight of twenty-two gigantic granite steps, the lowest being over sixty feet in length, having on either side a colossal Sphinx, leads up to a magnificent portico, the roof of which is supported by six Corinthian columns, coated with chunam of a dazzling white.

A few words must suffice to describe Prince Albert Victor's doings at Hyderabad. He came by rail from Poona, and was received at the station by the Nizam and his suite, the population generally being in a state of enthusiasm. On his way to the Palace the Prince passed two striking edifices, namely, the Char Minar, a magnificent rectangular building with four minarets, erected just three centuries ago; and the Arch of the Fish (Machli Kamar), which, being built of four arches some fifty feet high, stretches across the highway with an arch at each point of the compass. On that evening there was a grand ball at the Residency, the Nizam being present, and the music being admirably played by His Highness's band. Early next morning Prince Albert Victor went out black-buck and cheetah-hunting, then attended a State breakfast at Khana Bagh, and in the evening attended a State banquet given by the Nizam. Both Palace and city were gorgeously illuminated; the Prince's sojourn was a thorough success, and everybody agreed that the Nizam had given a right Royal reception to the grandson of Victoria, Queen and Empress.—Our engravings are from photographs by Lala Deen Dayal, Secunderabad, Deccan, India.



"ST. JOHN'S EVE."—Mr. Cowen's new cantata, *St. John's Eve*, produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is a work which can hardly be judged by ordinary standards. It is primarily intended for use by the smaller choral societies which exist in large numbers all over the country; and with this object it carefully avoids all choral difficulties, while at the same time, by the use of a simplified edition of the full score for small orchestras, the heavy expense of engaging a large band is obviated. The story, which is from the gifted pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, deals with an English subject—that is to say, with one of the numerous matrimonial legends associated with the Eve of St. John the Baptist. The legend is narrated in a melodious ballad, sung by an ancient dame named Margaret. She bids Nancy, the village beauty, go into the garden by moonlight, and there pluck a rose, which she is to keep until Christmas, when, if it still preserves its colour,

Upon thy bosom let it rest,
And he that shall thy husband be
Will rob thee of it darily,
And lay thy head upon his breast.

The superstition in question, it will be recollected, was referred to by the poet Gay. In the cantata the words of the old dame are laughingly listened to by all the girls save Nancy herself, who, if only by the scornful way in which she repulses the wooing of her rustic lover Robert, obviously meditates an unbiassed trial of the rose. The party of gossips are, however, interrupted by the arrival of the villagers, who proceed to build the bonfire of St. John. Here we have a series of vigorous choruses of a thoroughly English character. The men start with a melody of a broad, and truly British, type, to lines beginning, "O, good St. John was a shining light." The bonfire is built, and all wait until midnight strikes, when the fire is lighted. The description of the flashing and crashing of the faggots is somewhat conventional. Far better are a series of adaptations of old English dance-tunes, employed by Mr. Cowen to illustrate the gambols of the men and lads around the bonfire, until, by an exceedingly effective stroke, the dance gradually dies away, and the villagers march homeward, singing as they go a beautiful "Good-night." The next scene is in strong contrast to that which has preceded it. It is laid in the garden of Nancy's cottage, and the girl goes out at midnight to pluck the rose. The elaborate recitative and air which she sings sound somewhat strangely from the lips of an unsophisticated country girl, and, moreover, Miss McIntyre, to whom the part was entrusted, was on Saturday obviously out of voice. The scene is interrupted by a voice heard in the distance, which proves to be that of a wealthy neighbouring young squire. He is singing a species of serenade, which in its turn is followed by the final "Good-Night" of the villagers. The period of the last section of the work is six months later, when in the Squire's hall the whole of the inhabitants are assembled on Christmas Day. Here the old dame sings an effective Christmas carol provided with a chorale-like chorus, "Star of Bethlehem, Lead the Way," sung by the villagers. Nancy afterwards enters with the rose at her breast, and when the rustic lover, after another though hardly attractive scena, snatches it from her, the legend of the rose would seem to be on the point of fulfilment, although the maiden obviously despises her bucolic swain. At this moment, however, the young Squire enters, and proclaims how—in a manner which only the old adage "all is fair in love and war" could excuse—he has substituted a rose of his own for that plucked by the maiden, which he now produces. Nancy, like a sensible girl, at once accepts the Squire's proposal of marriage, and with a melodious love-duet, a final chorus of congratulation, and the ringing of the Christmas bells, the cantata comes to an end. Mr. Cowen conducted, and the Crystal Palace Choir sang the by no means difficult although certainly effective choruses of the work in excellent fashion. The soloists on the other hand (with the exception of Miss Hilda Wilson) were out of voice; even Mr. Lloyd for once not being in his usual form.

At the same concert Grieg's short choral piece *Landkjending* was performed for the first time in London. It deals with the discovery of a new land by some Scandinavian hero of old who forthwith proceeds to found a kingdom. The part-writing is excellent, and the chorus shows Herr Grieg in his most characteristic form.

DEATH OF CARL FORMES.—The death on Monday was by telegram from San Francisco announced of the veteran basso Carl Formes. Although on his visit to England last summer he declared he was much younger, it is understood he really was in his eightieth year. He sang first in a cathedral choir, and well nigh forty years ago he came out in the *Flauto Magico* at Cologne, sustaining also the part of Sarastro in that opera on his London debut in 1849. Carl Formes, who for more than thirty years had resided in the United States, possessed to the last a stentorian bass voice of extraordinary compass, but the defects of his ear and of his vocal training were exemplified by false intonation.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—After this week the concert season will practically be suspended for the brief Christmas holidays. The performances of the week have, however, been so numerous that they can only be briefly summarised. At the London Symphony Concert, on Thursday, Mozart's "Nocturne Serenade" in D was produced. It is an early work in three very short movements lasting about five minutes each, and its peculiarity exists in the fact that four diminutive orchestras are employed: three of them to produce only echo effects to the principal orchestra. Although little better than a Mozartian joke, it is a very agreeable one.—At the concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music a new Christmas carol by Miss Toulmin, a clever pupil of Mr. Corder, was produced. Although not by any means a finished composition, it showed Miss Toulmin as a young composer of excellent promise.—Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have given the last of their interesting vocal recitals, which will, however, no doubt be resumed early in the spring.—At the Popular Concerts Miss Fanny Davies once more on Saturday gave an entirely satisfactory rendering of Schumann's *Carnaval*, in which she seems exactly to have caught the spirit of her distinguished teacher, Madame Schumann herself. On Monday the programme included portions of the same master's *Kreisleriana*, also played by Miss Davies (No. 6 being encored and repeated), and Brahms' sextet in G, led by Lady Hallé.—On Tuesday Messrs. Max Heinrich and Schönbberger gave their third concert, the programme being devoted to the works of Brahms.—On Wednesday were announced a private performance by the Bach Choir, and the annual Christmas programme at Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts.—Concerts have likewise been given by the Hyde Park Academy students, Madame Perugini, Miss Mary Hutton, Miss Clinton Fynes, the Strolling Players, Mdlle. Marguerite Thierry, M. Loge, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—A meeting of composers and music publishers was held last week, with the object of founding a society to collect small fees for the public performance, at concerts, of drawing-room songs and ballads. The movement is stoutly opposed by Messrs. Boosey, Messrs. Cramer, and many other publishing firms.—The death is announced in Paris of the Marquis de Caux, first husband of Madame Patti, and once Equerry to Napoleon III.

—Gounod has just completed the new score of his *Jeanne d'Arc*, the libretto and music of which have been almost entirely re-written.—The comic opera *Marjorie*, which was produced at a *matinée* last July, will be placed in the regular bills of the Prince of Wales's Theatre early next year. Miss Huntington will play the part of the young Saxon lover. Miss Camille d'Arville and Mr. Hayden Coffin (who will leave the Lyric Theatre to sustain the part of the picturesque villain) will also be in the cast.—It appears that a project is on foot for the sale of the ground-lease of the Royal Italian Opera. The price, according to the foreign papers, to be asked is 130,000*l.*; 110,000*l.* has already been offered, and the contest is alleged at present to be between Mr. Augustus Harris and M. Mayer, of the French Plays.—A son by his first marriage of M. Nicolini, Madame Patti's husband, is about to appear as an actor at the Paris Gymnase.



THE TURF.—As last week, there is little in the racing world to chronicle, the most interesting event having been the important blood-stock sales at Newmarket, with which we hope to deal in our next issue. The Sandown Park Meeting last week finished with a chapter of accidents. In the Great Sandown Steeplechase (won by Battle Royal) Savoyard so seriously damaged his back that on Monday he succumbed to his injuries; and in the very next race Coronet, who has been going in very fine form this season, and earlier in the week had won a race at Manchester in the easiest style, came down, and put his shoulder out. "Doublets" were in fashion during the week. Young Hopeful and Rosebud each won a couple of races at Manchester, as did Coercion at Sandown, while Oscar scored both at Sandown and Kempton. The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase at the former meeting would probably and appropriately have fallen to His Royal Highness had not Magic spoiled his chance by running out of the course, and leaving Bellona to score a somewhat inglorious victory.—The Gimcrack Club dinner, last week, was a great success, in spite of the absence of our "crack Jim," as Lord Wenlock called Mr. Lowther. Lord Durham made an important speech, justifying his action with regard to the turf scandals, and warning the Jockey Club to set their house in order.—We are glad to hear that the report of Rossiter's madness and death is quite unfounded. He is sound both in mind and body.

FOOTBALL.—Unfortunately for the Cantabs, their crack half-back, W. Martin-Scott, injured himself last week in a preliminary match, and was unable to assist them in the annual Rugby match against Oxford on Saturday last. The Dark Blues held the upper hand throughout, and scoring a goal and a try to nothing, broke the run of Cambridge successes which began in 1885. In the seventeen matches played, Oxford has scored ten goals and thirteen tries to the seven goals and fourteen tries of their opponents. The Dublin Wanderers were rather unfortunate during their English tour: their match with Richmond was abandoned, they had the worst of their draw with Blackheath, and were defeated by Old Leysians. Both University teams went on tour after their match, with the result that Cambridge beat Edinburgh Academicals and Edinburgh University, while Oxford succumbed to Bradford. Yorkshire continued their victorious career with a victory over Surrey.—Associationwise the Old Westminsters have been distinguishing themselves. They beat Oxford University, Swifts, and St. Mary's Hospital, and played a draw with Casuals in the London Cup. Clapton, London Caledonians, and Royal Arsenal won their matches in this event. The League matches played on Saturday produced no important results, except that the gentle Nottingham "lamb" "mobbed" Mr. Bryan, who acted as referee in the match in which Wolverhampton Wanderers defeated Notts County.

ROWING.—Much dissatisfaction has been occasioned by the indecent haste with which Peter Kemp, almost before the breath was out of poor Searle's body, claimed the Championship, and announced his intention of defending it against all comers. It is considered that O'Connor, as the last man defeated by Searle, has the best right to the vacated honours.

BILLIARDS.—The arrangement by which Mitchell was allowed to make fifty spots in a break against the Champion playing spot-barred produced an excellent match, in which Mitchell still scraped home. This week Roberts is giving Richards 5,000 in 12,000. Peall, who is playing McNeill spot-barred on even terms at the Aquarium (where North easily defeated Dowland last week) has offered to give anyone in the world, bar Roberts or Mitchell, 3,500 in 15,000, all in. The challenge has been accepted by White.

COURSING.—The meeting at Kempton Park ended in the stakes being divided. The most interesting event of the meeting was the trial spin in which Colonel North's "crack," Fullerton, easily defeated Robert Hutton. Five to one has been laid, and accepted, about the Colonel's string for the Waterloo Cup.

MISCELLANEOUS.—George Steadman was the hero of the Wrestling Tournament at the Aquarium. This week he and Cannon are battling for the Championship.—Kilrain has been ordered to pay 200 dollars, and go to prison for two months, for his share in the fight with Sullivan last July. He has appealed.

SUNDRIES.—"The Post Office Directory" (Kelly and Co.) has now become so indispensable that it is unnecessary to do more than announce the publication of the ninety-first issue, with corrections up to date. We may note that the appointment of Mr. Peter O'Brien as Lord Chief Justice for Ireland, which was not known until December 3rd last, is nevertheless duly chronicled in the "Official" portion of the Directory.—The new edition of "The Permanent Stamp Album" (Stafford Smith and Co., Preston Road, Brighton) makes an admirable Christmas present for boys. It is strongly and neatly bound in cloth, and there seems to be ample space for the different varieties of English and foreign stamps, accommodation being provided for over 20,000. The album includes, besides, a catalogue of no fewer than 3,337 varieties of stamps.—"The Rhine Castle Photograph Album" (Smith, Son, and Downes), bound in padded leather, and with richly gilt edges, makes a handsome and appropriate Christmas gift. The album contains full-page views, carefully executed in colours, of well-known castles and surrounding scenery on the Rhine, painted by Alfred de Breanski.—During the past week we have received from Lala Deen Dayal, Secunderabad, Deccan, India, an excellent collection of photographs of Prince Albert Victor's visit to that country, some of which we have been unable to publish. Many of them are triumphs of photographic art, several portrait groups being admirable. Among the best are a series of four photographs of "The Review before the Prince at Poona," "The Char Minar, Hyderabad," and "The Arrival of the Prince at Basher Bagh Palace."—The "Finger" Prayer-Book (Oxford University Press) is one of the most attractive novelties of the season. Consisting of 670 pages, and measuring three and a-half inches by one inch, it weighs only three-quarters of an ounce in limp binding. The type, of course, is necessarily very small, but it is beautifully printed and the reading is perfectly legible.

THEATRES

A MORE than ordinarily keen competition for the patronage of the younger holiday folk is the most striking characteristic of the theatrical entertainments of the forthcoming Christmas holidays. Mr. Augustus Harris has this year not been permitted to reign, as he has somewhere says of himself "Napoleon of the realm of Pantomime," or rather of pantomime. In vain were the strategic operations by which Covent Garden—once the greatest in the season of pantomime houses—is converted on Boxing Day into a great circus—with a pantomime, it is true, and even with "thirty clowns," but a circus pantomime is, as every one knows, not exactly the same thing as the orthodox article. Undisputed supremacy was only to be attained while no other vast Temple of the Drama was able to open in the West End with a really serious—if that term is not too inapplicable—enterprise in the Drury Lane field; but this Temple is now forthcoming in the form of Her Majesty's Theatre. Instead of remaining closed and silent, with dust and straws choking its keyholes and gathering about its thresholds and its cellar gratings, this immense house will fling wide its doors and (gas strike permitting) light up its countless lamps. With *Jack and the Beanstalk* at DRURY LANE, and *Aladdin* at HER MAJESTY'S—each gloriating in the very best Shakespearian procession, besides COVENT GARDEN with *Cinderella*, nobody can say that pantomime is declining even at the West-End; and how abundant is the vitality in the suburbs of this great City every one knows. It is true that only three out of our score or so of theatres of the highest class hang out the pantomime banner on their outer walls. But think what theatres they are for holding-capacity! Why these three alone would hold as many spectators as could be crowded into fifteen such houses as the *Royalty* or the old *Prince of Wales's*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft made a handsome fortune.

For the rest, the Christmas novelties are, as usual, not very numerous. It must be a poor performance indeed that will not attract some patronage in the winter holidays; all the more reason therefore to let well alone in the case of plays which are enjoying anything like success. The GLOBE has been reopened this week by Mr. Benson (who, by the way, is not, as somebody has said, a son, but a nephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury) with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the precursor of other Shakespearian revivals. The PRINCESS'S "Syndicate" have, moreover, taken the advice of the critics, and "tried again" with another romantic drama by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, which replaces Mr. Brandon Thomas's piece with the now painfully-ironic title of *The Gold Crase*; the AVENUE have tackled on to the juvenile opera, *The Belles of the Village*, which constitutes the afternoon entertainment, a "harlequinade," and will also revive for the evening bill that once famous Strand burlesque-extravaganza, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*. But elsewhere the bills remain substantially unchanged. Mr. Irving holds on his way with *The Dead Heart*, not only filling the LYCEUM, but helping in that direction neighbouring theatres with the nightly "overflow" of visitors who have arrived in Wellington Street only to find the house full. The SAVOY, strong in the attractions of *The Gondoliers*, is not less prosperous; the GARRICK, with Mrs. Bernard Beere in *La Tosca*; the HAYMARKET, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in *A Man's Shadow*; the SHAFTESBURY, with Mr. Willard in *The Midsummer*; the ADELPHI, with Mr. Alexander and Miss Alma Murray in *London Day by Day*; the GAIETY, with Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie in *Ruy Blas*, are hardly less prominent in the list of flourishing houses. *Castle*, at the CRITERION, also maintains its ground, together with *Aunt Jack* at the COURT, *Paul Jones* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, *The New Corsican Brothers*, in association with a new skit on *La Tosca* by Mr. Burnand, at the ROYALTY, *Joseph's Sweetheart* at the VAUDEVILLE, *Pink Dominoes* at the COMEDY, *Our Flat* at the STRAND, *Sweet Lavender* at TERRY'S, *The Red Hussar* at the LYRIC, and *The Bungalow* at TOOLE'S; while *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, returned to town in the delightful person of Miss Vera Hering, has taken up his quarters once more—for afternoons only—at the OPERA COMIQUE. As to the less fashionable houses, pantomime, as we have already said, is the prevailing attraction, and we may add that nowhere does this popular entertainment exhibit more signs of genuine life and vigour.

Miss Rose Norreys has made a decided success in the character of Nan in *Good for Nothing*, that amusing comedietta which has been revived at the HAYMARKET, where it first saw the light, as the introductory piece of the programme.

The clever little weekly publication entitled *The Playgoer* is dead, at least, in a condition of suspended animation. Meanwhile, its spirited rival *The Weekly Comedy* shows tokens of much activity and enterprise.

The death of Mr. Browning has revived the old story of the poet's quarrel with Macready *apropos* of the introduction of *A Blot on the Scutcheon* at DRURY LANE in 1843. From some extracts from Mr. Browning's private letters that have been published, it seems that he retained to the last the impression that his old friend disloyally endeavoured to bring about the failure of this play at his own theatre. This is in itself very improbable, as the evidence to support it seems rather to point the other way. The matter unhappily serves to show that a great poet may be afflicted with the vanity, exaggerated self-esteem, and habit of groundless suspicion which fall to the lot of much smaller men.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance in *The Silver King* at the FIFTH AVENUE appears to have made a profound impression on New York audiences.

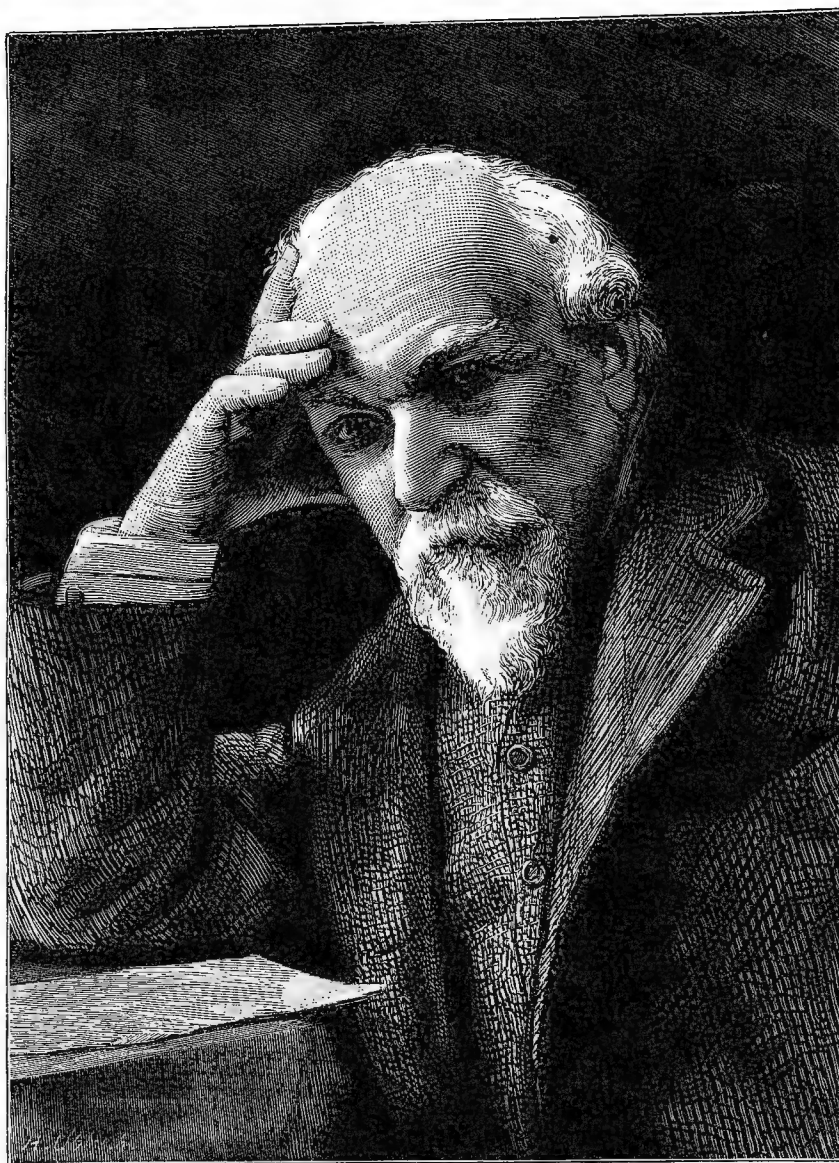
The statement that Mr. Irving will be a candidate for the representation of the Strand Division proves, as might have been expected to be, neither true nor "well invented." Mr. Irving's heart is, we are assured, absolutely "dead" to anything like Parliamentary ambition.

Mr. Wille's version of *Clarissa Harlowe* has contrived to take the field a little before Mr. Buchanan's forthcoming play at the Vaudeville. It was produced on Monday under the title of *Clarissa*, with Miss Isabel Bateman as the heroine, at the THEATRE ROYAL, Birmingham.

ROBERT BROWNING

ON Thursday, December 12th, the world welcomed a new volume of poems from the pen of Robert Browning—poems which showed no abatement of mental vigour on the part of their author. But his bodily strength had long been waning, and on the very same evening he passed away at the Palazzo Rezzonico, in Venice, where he had been staying with his son. Robert Browning was born at Camberwell in 1812. His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, was a Dissenter, and young Browning, accordingly, instead of going to public school and University, was educated at an ordinary middle-class academy and at London University. His poetic genius soon manifested itself, however. While still a youth he visited Italy, the land which was to take such hold of him, and in 1833 his first poem, "Pauline," appeared. "Paracelsus" followed in 1835, and two years later he had the honour of seeing the first of his plays, *Strafford*, performed at Covent Garden, with Macaulay and Helen Faucit in the principal rôles. In 1840 appeared "Sordello," which, with its difficulty and ruggedness, so long repelled the ordinary reader from Browning, and delayed the popularity, which came at last, though never in such full measure as was accorded to his great compeer. Then in 1846 came the great event of his life, his marriage with Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest female poet of the century.

Fifteen years of married life were theirs, years spent for the most part in their beloved Florence, and marked by much poetic production on the part of both. In 1861 Mrs. Browning died, leaving her husband with one son, Robert Barrett Browning, the well-known painter and sculptor. The blow was a hard one, but it did not drive him from work, and from that time until his death his output of verse was constant and continuous. Gradually he shook off much of his ruggedness and mannerism, and as he did so his circle of readers enlarged, and his influence increased, though he never became popular as a poet, in the broadest sense of the word. As a man, however, he was immensely popular. Blessed with a most unpoetical fondness for society, he was to be met everywhere, and was everywhere charming. He had a



ROBERT BROWNING

Born May 7, 1812. Died December 12, 1889

wonderful flow of conversation, but—and this also was a somewhat unpoetical trait—he was content to follow conversation as well as to lead it, and would talk as freely on other people's topics as upon his own. London society will miss the talker even more, perhaps, than his readers will miss the poet. Mr. Browning had desired to be laid with his wife in the Old Cemetery at Florence, but this was found to be impossible. His son has accordingly accepted Dean Bradley's offer of a resting-place in the Abbey and Robert Browning will lie with England's other great ones in Poets' Corner.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. H. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, S.W.

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

It is scarcely necessary to say that the picture which Mr. Barnes has drawn of the little child seated on the pavement and soliciting the charity of the public on behalf of the above Hospital is purely imaginary. Even in these days, when any method of attracting the notice of the world seems to be thought legitimate, this expedient has not been adopted. The claims of the Institution to public support and sympathy are nevertheless such as might well invite the contributions of all sorts and conditions of men—from the prosperous City merchant, who is feeling in his pocket for a sovereign, we hope, to the Chelsea pensioner who is dropping into the box one of the pennies from his slender store. It is twenty-three years since the Hospital was established—thirty years ago, we may remark, there was no Hospital for Children at all—and since that time it has treated and relieved more than 10,000 in-patients, and no fewer than half-a-million out-patients. In the Hospital itself there are seventy-four beds. But a very important part of its work is done at Margate, where, in 1876, a Convalescent Branch was established, containing sixteen beds. This number is quite insufficient to meet the demands upon the Branch, which consists of a small house, lent by a friend, and it is desired therefore to build a Convalescent Home near Margate which shall accommodate at least twenty-five children at a time. About 1,500l. has at present been given or promised. A more



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Class 793. 1598 gs. Class 794. 1600 gs. Class 795. 1602 gs.
Class 796. 1604 gs. Class 797. 1606 gs. Class 798. 1608 gs.
Class 799. 1610 gs. Class 800. 1612 gs. Class 801. 1614 gs.
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Class 817. 1646 gs. Class 818. 1648 gs. Class 819. 1650 gs.
Class 820. 1652 gs. Class 821. 1654 gs. Class 822. 1656 gs.
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Class 889. 1790 gs. Class 890. 1792 gs. Class 891. 1794 gs.
Class 892. 1796 gs. Class 893. 1798 gs. Class 894. 1800 gs.
Class 895. 1802 gs. Class 896. 1804 gs. Class 897. 1806 gs.
Class 898. 1808 gs. Class 899. 1810 gs. Class 900. 1812 gs.
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Class 904. 1820 gs. Class 905. 1822 gs. Class 906. 1824 gs.<

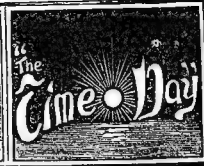
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Testimonial from Mrs. LANGTRY.

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used PEAR'S SOAP for some time, and prefer it to any other."

Mrs. Langtry.



RUSSELL'S GOLD & SILVER
WATCHES, their own pure English manufacture, with all Russell's latest patented improvements, range from £3 to £35. They are handsome, strong, and perfect timekeepers represent the largest stock and best value in England, there being no intermediate profit between the manufacturer and the wearer. Sent free everywhere at Russell's risk and cost on receipt of draft or postal order. Illustrated Pamphlet sent post free on application.

WATCH REPAIRS PROMPT and PERFECT.

Estimates given and cost of carriage taken.

The Largest Stock of Diamond, Gem, Engagement, and Wedding Rings.

Finger Card sent free on application.

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CATHEDRAL WORKS, 18, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL.



CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP
FOOD-WARMERS.
With New Registered Pannikin.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

Clarke's New Registered Pannikin.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

Clarke's "Pyramid" Night Lights and "Fairy Pyramid" Night Lights

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c. Sold everywhere.

Price of Lamps, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each. If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address.

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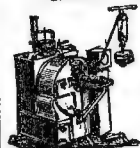
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Of all Wine and Spirit Merchants. Shipped by



G. LUXARDO, Zara, Dalmatia.

MÜLLER'S "ALPHA" GAS-MAKING MACHINE.



For lighting all places when Coal Gas is unobtainable. Sizes 12 to 500 Lights and above. Prices 15 guineas upwards. These Machines are largely in use for lighting every description of building in England, the Colonies, and in all parts of the World with great success. Gas made by these machines is pure, without the Sulphurous or Noxious Vapours given off by Coal Gas. Can be used in highly decorated rooms, as it is not destructive to Pictures, Plants, &c. Prospectuses giving full information may be had from

H. L. MÜLLER, Alpha Works,
22, Mary Ann Street, Birmingham



STOP THE COUGH

BEFORE IT REACHES THE LUNGS

By taking a small Bottle of **SCOTT'S EMULSION.**

It will surely cure your cough at once, and, unlike ordinary cough remedies, will strengthen and build up your system.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is a skilful combination of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and the potency of these two great remedies has been increased threefold by their ingenious combination into this palatable Emulsion.

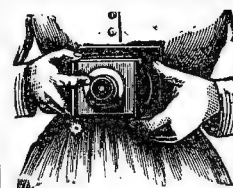
SCOTT'S EMULSION will cure Consumption in its early stages without fail, and will surely relieve in the later stages and greatly prolong life.

FOR SICKLY WASTING CHILDREN AND FOR EMACIATION, it will increase flesh and strength when all other remedies have failed.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is palatable, and three times as effective as the plain oil.

Physicians prescribe it in preference to the plain oil, and admit its superiority.

All Chemists at 2/6 and 4/6.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Shew's Eclipse Hand Camera.

Photography for every one. No experience necessary. See "The Eclipse Pamphlet" (in English or French), free on application to

J. F. SHEW & CO.,
87 & 88, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

Highest award for Hand Cameras—Paris Exhibition, 1889.



THE PULSOMETER PATENT STEAM PUMP

Specially suitable for contractors' work of all kinds. Pumping water from wells of moderate depth. Irrigation, pumping sewage, sludge, &c., also for general WATER SUPPLY TO FACTORIES, ESTATES &c.

12,000 in use

GREAT SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY. NEEDS NO SKILLED ATTENTION.

WILL WORK MERELY SUSPENDED

NO MOVING PARTS EXCEPT THE SIMPLE VALVES.

Please write for List 22, stating particulars of requirements, to

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO. (Ld.)

NINE ELMS IRON WORKS LONDON S.W.

BY SPECIAL ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WARRANTS.

EGERTON BURNETT'S ROYAL ANY LENGTH SOLD.

TO SUIT ALL CLIMATES. SERGES

For Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Dress. NEW PATTERNS POST FREE.

Entirely New Artistic Designs and High-Class Weavings in Pure Wool. Unsurpassed for Beauty, Novelty, and Sterling Value.

Superb Fast Dye. The immense variety of Patterns comprises Specialities for Ladies, Children, and Gentlemen.

Carriage Paid on orders of 20s. and above to any part of the United Kingdom.

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED

EGERTON BURNETT

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

AMERICAN STOVES for India, &c.
No fixing. No complicated flues. With Boiler, £2 17s. 6d., without Boiler, 38s. Send for 100-page Illustrated Catalogue free. Also Wrought Camp Stoves for Up Country, &c.—Wm. POORE & Co., American Stove Stores, 136 Cheapside, London. Established 32 years

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES. GREAT SENSATION.

At last the problem is solved through which all who suffer from

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS, such as Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Whooping-Cough, Consumption, Catarrh of the Stomach, will find instantaneous relief and speedy cure by taking the newly introduced and already popular medicine called **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES**, prepared from the salts of the **MEDICINAL SPRINGS** of the world-renowned **Laurus Health Resort, Bath Soden**.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE

WRITES: "I have watched the effects of the Soden Waters for a considerable period, and regard them as extremely valuable in **OBSTINATE CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT**. The small amount of Iron which these contain renders them very useful in the early stages of **THROAT CONSUMPTION**, and they do good in nearly all cases of relaxation of the mucous membrane."

"The **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES** offer a most convenient method of using the Waters, producing both a Local and General Effect. They are specially beneficial in **CATARRHAL DISEASES** of the air passages. I frequently found them of great service in the case of singers and public speakers."

(Signed) **MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., London**

"Late Physician to the London Hospital; Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square; and Physician to the Royal Society of Musicians—Sept. 2, 1887."

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

A pure and natural produce from the celebrated Soden Mineral Springs; have proved a sure and lasting remedy. Testimonials, Medical and otherwise, will be forwarded post free on application.

In Boxes, at 1s. 11d., of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors; or post free, 1s. 3d. in stamps from the **SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE COMPANY, Limited, 52, Broad Street, London, E.C.**

NOTICE.—These Pastilles are prepared under the special supervision of Dr. W. Steeltz, Royal Sanitary Council, whose facsimile Signature each Box bears, and each Lozenge has our Trade Mark impressed. No others are genuine.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

"Swedenborgianism in a Nutshell" might well be the alternative title of Dr. Tafel's clever little "critical examination of the claims of agnosticism" in "Huxley and Swedenborg" (Speirs). The doctrine of correspondences, the practical identity between the First and Second Persons of the Trinity, the human form of God, the cause of diseases, are fully set forth; while on Professor Huxley the tables are turned with a vengeance. Approaching the subject in a negative instead of an affirmative spirit, the Professor is nevertheless forced to confess that "transferable devils" (such as entered into the Gadarene swine) "may possibly exist." If only his mind could be guided to the affirmative pole, what might not be expected of him? For "fact and reason, the basis of scientific authority, are," says Dr. Tafel, "on our side. They tell us that man had a beginning—that the first human beings began, like the

If touring on wheels does not become popular, the fault will not be with Mr. Hissey. This time his "Tour in a Phaeton" (Bentley) is through the Eastern Counties—too much neglected, he thinks, except by trippers to the Great Eastern Railway's seaside places, and by visitors to the surely over-praised Broads. He certainly does his best to make these counties popular. To the cyclist they ought to be so; for, though not the dead level that many think—Mr. Hissey left Essex by a steep hill, on which the notice "To bicyclists: This is dangerous" was by no means superfluous—they of course suit him better than much of the North and West. In scenery they must yield to the Yorkshire dales, and to many a less romantic district; of historic interest, they have nothing like the Roman Wall or the line of castles on the Welsh marches. But they have abbeys, such as Walsingham, and Binham, and Castle Acre, and castles like Heddingham and Rising. None of these Mr. Hissey visited, but he saw some fine churches, strangely missing others; and found everywhere that "sylvan beauty" which charms in the Cromes, Old and Young, and which is enhanced, especially in Essex, by old-fashioned farmsteads, cottages built before we had forgotten how to build, and little towns with a jumble of gables picturesque enough to satisfy Mr. Ruskin. Such glorious places as Layer

When even at the village shop Swiss or Danish butter undersells English, it is time to see if something cannot be done to make "Butter-Making" (Vinton, New Bridge Street) pay. The great need is Canon Bagot's "Uniformity." In most English dairies you never can be sure that any week's supply will not fall hopelessly below the mark. Must everything be done in creameries, the little farmer selling his milk and buying back the buttermilk for his pig-pigs? They manage things better in Brittany. Mr. Valentine gives plenty of good advice; is he not "Practical Dairy Demonstrator at North Wales University College?" But his pictures of elevators, heaters, lactobutyrometers, &c., are a little overpowering.

Electro Silver Brandy and Soda Stand, Engraved Glass Bottle, and Two Soda Water Tumblers, with Jugs for Water Bottles. £3 10s.

158, OXFORD STREET, W., AND 18, POULTRY, LONDON. E.C.
 Manufacture: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

SNOW WHITE BLEACH

BELFAST



LINENS

HOUSE-KEEPER'S GUIDE.



IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS

CHILDREN'S COLOURED BORDER POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, 1s., 1/6, 2s., 2/6, and 3s. per doz.

LADIES' HEMSTITCHED CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 2/11, 3/3, 3/9, 4/3, 4/9, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10s., and 11/6 per doz.

GENTLEMEN'S HEMSTITCHED CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 17/6, 20s. to 30s.

GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN BORDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, 4/6, 5s., 5/9, 7s., 8/6, 11s., 12s., 15s., 17s. per doz.



HAND-EMBROIDERED INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS of Belfast Linen Cambric, a most beautiful and useful Christmas Present. Ladies' size, per dozen, 12/6. Gentlemen's, per doz., 16/6, in Fancy Boxes (any letter can be had).



EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, in the latest designs, from 9d. to 25s. each.

These goods are embroidered by our Irish peasant girls, who have a world-wide reputation for the beauty and delicacy of their work.

BELFAST DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

TABLE CLOTHS, about 2 yards square, 2/11, 3/6, 4/6, 5s. each.

" " about 2 yards wide, 2 1/2 yards long, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 each.

" " To dine 6 people, 2 yds. wide, 3 yds. long, 4/6, 5/6, 6s., 6/6, 7s. each.

" " To dine 4 to 6 people, 2 1/2 yards square, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9s. each.

" " To dine 6 to 8 people, 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s. each.

" " To dine 8 to 10 people, 2 1/2 yards by 3 1/2 yards, 7/6, 9/-, 10/6, 12/6, 13/-, 15/-, 18/- each.

" " To dine 10 to 12 people, 2 1/2 yards by 4 yards, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, 18/-, 20/-, 22/- each.

" " To dine 14 to 16 people, 2 1/2 yards by 5 yards, 14/6, 17/6, 19/6, 21/-, 24/-, 27/- each.

LARGER SIZES UP TO 8 YARDS LONG ALWAYS IN STOCK.

DAMASK TABLE NAPKINS, 1/2 by 1/2 size, 2/11, 3/6, 4s., 4/3, 4/9, 5/3, 6/6, 7/6 per doz.

" " 3/4 by 3/4 size, 4/11, 5/3, 6s., 6/6, 6/11, 7/11, 8/6, 9/9, 10/6, 11s. per doz.

BLEACHED DAMASK SIDBOARD CLOTHS, 18 inches wide, 72 in. long, 3/3 each.

" " 22 inches wide, 72 inches long, 4/6 and 5/6 each.

KITCHEN TABLE CLOTHS, assorted patterns, Loom Damask, 9d., 10d., 11 1/2d., 1/3, 1/1, to 2/6 each.

BLEACHED PLAIN & TWILL LINEN SHEETING.

70 to 72 inch wide, PLAIN, 1/6 1/2, 1/8 1/2, 1/10 1/2, 2/1 2/3 per yd. 88 to 90 " " " 2/1 1/2, 2/4 1/2, 2/7 1/2, 2/11 per yard.

70 to 72 inch wide, TWILL, 1/9 1/2, 2/0 1/2, 2/3 per yard. 88 to 90 " " " 2/1 1/2, 2/6, 2/11 per yard.

FRILLED PILLOW SLIPS (LINEN) 1/2 1/2, 1/6 each.

PLAIN " " " 7 3/4 d., 10 3/4 d., 1/1 3/4, to 1/6 each.

LINEN TOWELS, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, to 12/- per dozen.

GLASS " 3/-, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 per dozen.

DUSTERS, 2/6, 2/9, 3/-, 3/6 per dozen.

SURPLICE LINEN, 6d., 7d., 8d., to 1s. per yard.



Samples sent Post Free on Application. All Orders Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

ROBERTSON, LEDLIE, FERGUSON, & Co., Ltd., The Bank Buildings, Belfast.

DIAMOND BROOCHES. SPECIALITIES FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

REGISTERED DESIGNS TO BE HAD ONLY OF J. W. BENSON.



Enamelled Gold and Diamonds, £7 7s.



Enamelled Gold and Diamonds, £6 6s.



Enamelled Gold and Diamonds, £8 8s.



Diamond brooch, £5 5s.



Brilliant brooch, £12 12s.



Diamonds, Enamel Berries, £5 5s.



Diamonds, Enamel Berries, £5 5s.

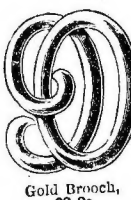


Diamonds, Oriental Pearl Berries, £5 5s. and £6 6s.

THE NINETY ("90") JEWELRY. LATEST ORIGINALITY OF J. W. BENSON.



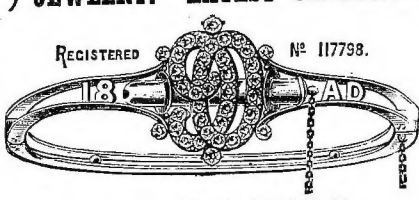
Special Value! Brilliant, £25.



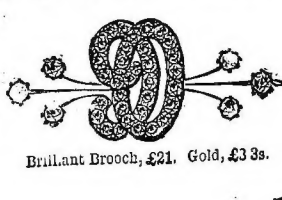
Gold brooch, £2 2s.



90 Sleeve Links, Platinum and Gold, £4 10s.



Brilliant Pencil Bangle, £25; Gold, £6.

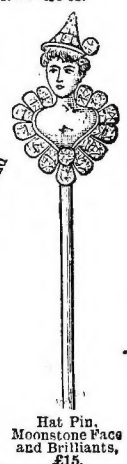


Brilliant brooch, £21. Gold, £3 3s.

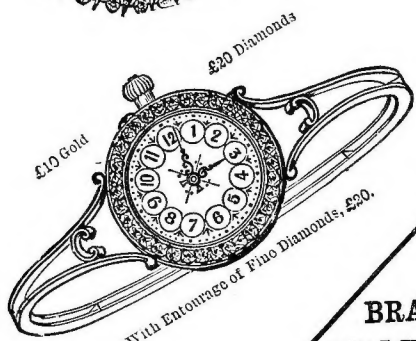


£21

Moonstone and Diamond brooch, £21.



Hat Pin, Moonstone Face and Brilliants, £15.



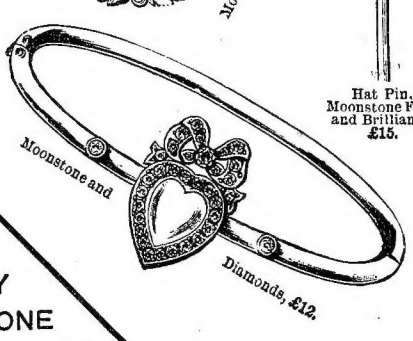
With Entrainage of Five Diamonds, £20.



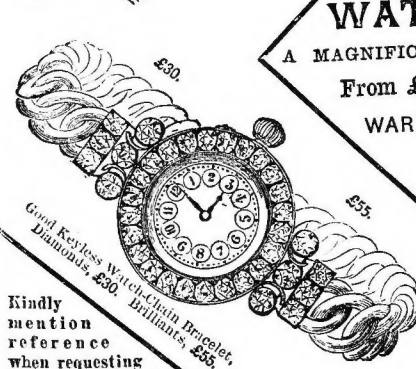
Gold Keyless Watch-Chain Bracelet, Warranted, £15.



Moonstones and Diamonds, £10.



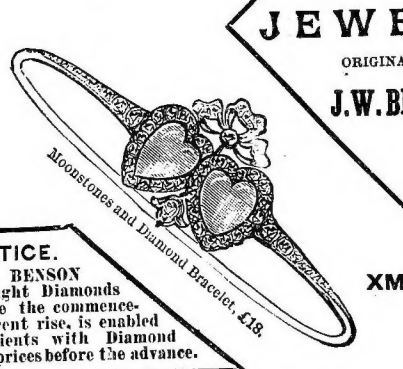
Moonstone and Diamonds, £12.



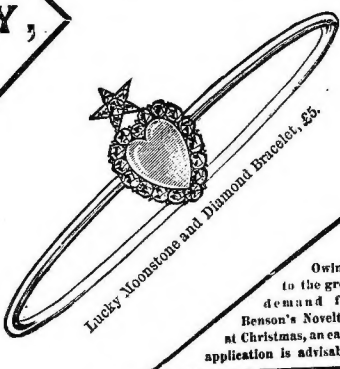
Kindly mention reference when requesting Goods on approval.



Gold Keyless Watch-Chain Bracelet, £25.



Moonstones and Diamond Bracelet, £13.



Lucky Moonstone and Diamond Bracelet, £5.

NOTICE.
J. W. BENSON
having bought Diamonds
largely before the commence-
ment of the recent rise, is enabled
to supply his clients with Diamond
Jewelry at original prices before the advance.

SEE XMAS LIST.

Owing
to the great
demand for
Benson's Novelties
at Christmas, an early
application is advisable.

BENSON'S BOND ST, NOVELTIES, 25, OLD BOND ST., W.

Illustrated Christmas Catalogue Post Free.

The Rev. C. Bullock's "Lives of Three Bishops" (*Home Words* office), being his, is of course lively and, despite its well-threshed out subject, fresh. The three are Fraser, Bickersteth of Ripon, and Hinington. It is well that very little is given of that sad, sad journal "written when quite broken down, and brought low by superadded fever," which is such a protest against German high-handedness. Upton men must be very unlike most English villagers when Fraser could go round urging, "A little more paint, friend, on this door," "There's a loose tile in your roof," &c. Bickersteth visiting the widows after the Oaks' explosion, nay, helping at the cemetery to bury the victims, is very edifying. How much more practical to have "cried aloud and spared not," like a Jewish prophet, for the electric light in coal pits.

THE EDUCATED NATIVE

NOT long ago a Navy lieutenant was personally conducted over a West African town by an exceedingly overdressed and evidently bibulous gentleman of colour. Seeing the Englishman uncertain of his road, the coloured gentleman volunteered to act as guide, introducing himself: "Me no dam nigger, sare. Me good Christian, all same as you."

An excellent guide he made, taking the stranger everywhere, even to the burying-place where heathen survivals struggled with the Established Mahometanism. He showed the houses (the inmates being afield) with granaries attached, on the doors of which were nailed verses from the Koran.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked the stranger.
"Why, you see, sare, them niggers are so superstitious. They read verse, and they daren't go in. Keep things just as safe as a

lock. But I," looking round and whispering with mysterious glee, "I Christian, not coward to care for a scrap of parchment. When I want grain I walk in and help myself—just as you might, sare."

That is a fact—a rare case let us hope—for which the cruel and wicked alcoholising of the black man by "Christian" traders is partly accountable. But on the other Continent also, education sometimes turns out many undesirable specimens. No one but a merchant's clerk whose salary has been carefully cut down by Babu competition will go so far as to endorse the "hasty induction" that the educated Bengali is an entirely objectionable creature. The civilian who has for years had a Babu in his cutchery knows that some of them are trustworthy, and up to their standard, as conscientious as the average office clerk at home.

Yet, when a Babu does go in for speculation or such like, he does it with a thoroughness that puts to shame even the contractors who supply our troops with pliable bayonets, and with tinned meats that are found putrid when opened, say, at Suakim. Here is a story I can vouch for. An Assam tea-planter engaged in Orissa a gang of some two hundred coolies, and sent his Bengali overseer to see them off by train. At the same time he got his agent in Calcutta to rig out the whole gang with a warm coat and a blanket a-piece as they passed through en route.

Now an English overseer, if he was a thoroughly bad man (and there have been thoroughly bad Englishmen in such positions), would have got hold of the salesman with whom the agent dealt, and would have tried to arrange with him to supply the vilest rubbish instead of honest wool, the pair dividing the difference between price paid and value received. Such things have been done in England, whether in building Board Schools, or clothing regiments, or supplying goods to Union workhouses. But our

Babu worked on a simpler and more autocratic system. Having seen the coolies into Calcutta, he pushed on to the first station on the Assam line, and there lay in wait. As soon as the gang arrived he stripped every one of the coat and blanket so considerably provided to temper the difference of climate between Orissa and Assam; trumped up some story for the railway people to account for his leaving his charge for several hours alone, and, hastening back to Calcutta, sold his spoil; and then, rejoining the coolies, took them to the tea plantation. The wretched creatures hadn't dared to resist, nor did any of them dream of telling the Sahib; and had the said Sahib not been very wide-awake, and unpleasantly given to looking closely into things, the trick would never have been found out. That is a typical case of how the bad Babu carries on his war. Whether education makes him worse or not (as "Christianity" of a sort did the West African coloured gentlemen) I won't pretend to determine. It certainly does not make him better, and it gives him facilities for deception which he did not possess in his uneducated state. The moral is:—Look into things yourself, whether you are soldier, or civilian, or planter; and, if you can, get into touch with the people instead of so largely doing things through the Babu. They say the old Anglo-Indian, who came out for life, did better in some things for that very reason, that he knew more about the people he was among. His method had its disadvantages, some of them more apparent than real; but to let the educated native raise anything like a barrier between us and the Indian masses is risky, besides being a distinct shirking of our duty. We have no *raison d'être*, unless the whole people, Assam coolies and all, are better for our being there. Meanwhile, if there are many Babus like him of my story, the less that is said about Home Rule for India the better.

A. M. F.

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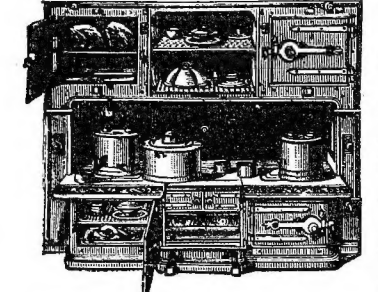
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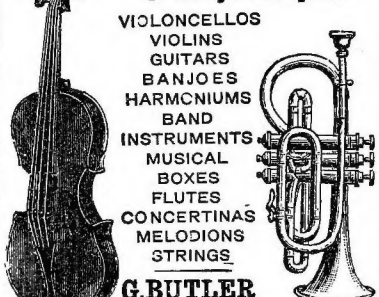
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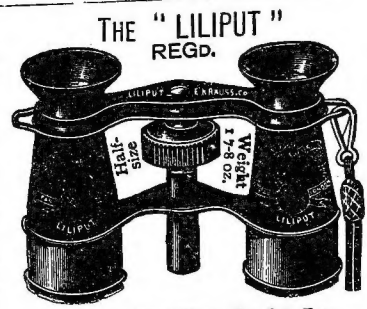
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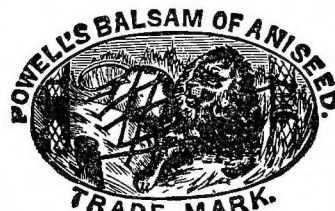
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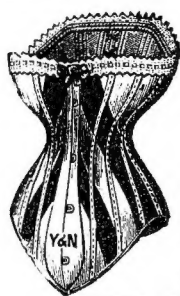
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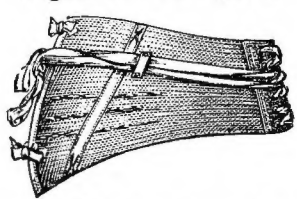
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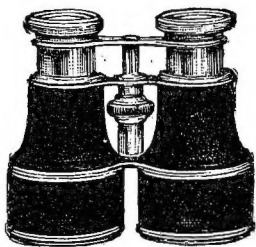


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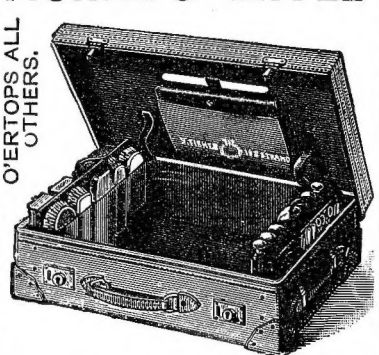
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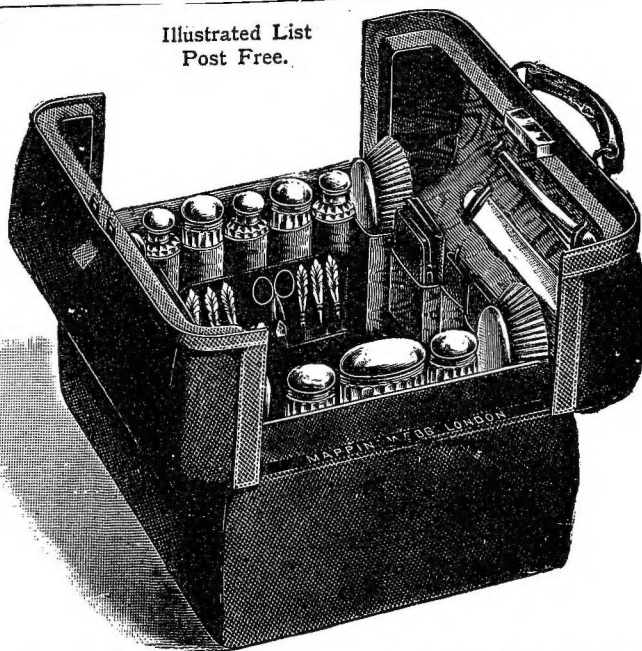
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